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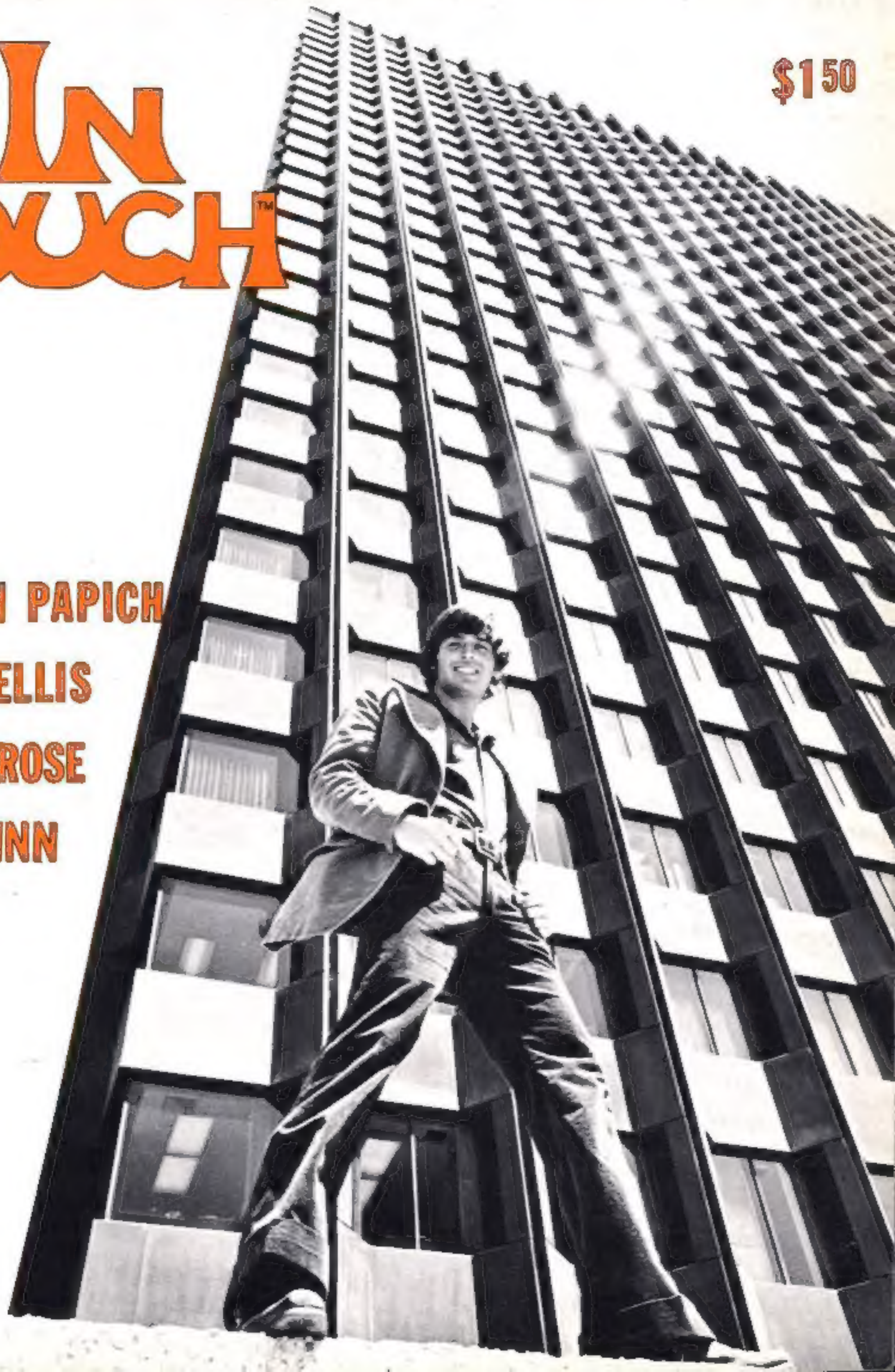
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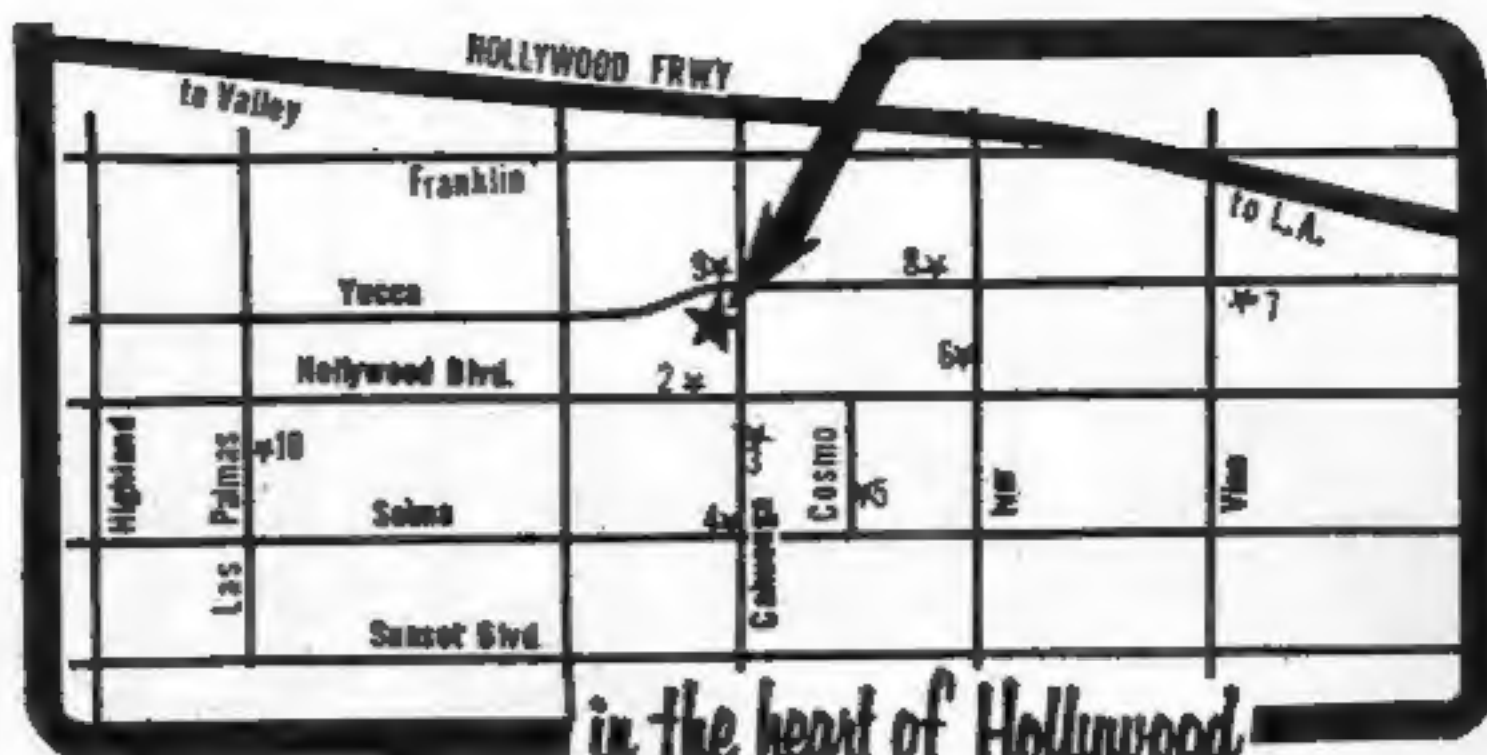
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IN TOUCH

celebrating gay awareness

vol. 1. no. 11

august 1974

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OUR COVER: The winning David Winn (page 26). Photo by Hy Chase.

This Page: George Rose (page 14), John Paul Jones, Dwight Freeman, Che McCaskill and Belle (page 20), John Nicholson (page 30), Stephen Papich (page 36), and Dennis Ellis (page 46).

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keeping *In Touch*

Dear Sir:

Thanks for your personality profile of May, 1974 (Don Johnson). I'm happy to hear of Don's success.

One correction: Don's acting debut occurred at least as early as 1963 when he appeared in the play *Sunstroke* at Truesdell Junior High School, and he did a superb job. He enjoyed the play. When he shortly thereafter transferred to another school, he asked a teacher there to produce it.

I wish continued success to a delightful person.

Sincerely,
Joe L. Nixon

Don tells us that this wasn't his acting debut, just his first stage performance. He was pleasantly impressed to be remembered. —Editor

Gentlemen:

I think you have a really great magazine, but I would like to make a few comments: Would it be possible to print your centerfold in color? It would certainly be worth paying more for the magazine if this could be done.

At the end of the year perhaps you could have a "Discovery of the Year" contest by letting your readers vote.

Anyhow, you're doing a great job. Keep up the good work.

D.B.

The use of color is more than a matter of expense. It is also a matter of concept and a couple of pages of color tend to stand out rather self-consciously. IN TOUCH will shortly be announcing its 1975 color calendar. Perhaps this will make everybody happy. —Editor

Dear Sir:

I have purchased and read from cover to cover my first copy of IN TOUCH. I can assure you it won't be the last. I am somewhat disappointed, for I strongly feel that Blacks have beautiful bodies. I am very sure black Gays do read this magazine, and white Gays have found black bodies and people interesting. I do and so do my friends. Please keep up the good work of this fine magazine. More people should get involved with the gay awareness train.

Love and Peace,
Chauncey P. Church

IN TOUCH has no policy which discriminates against Blacks. Most of the models that appear in the magazine either approach us or are recommended to us. So far there have been very few Blacks among that group. We have recently finished working with a young man from St. Thomas and he will be appearing in our centerspread in a future issue. —Editor

Dear Guys,

What really impresses me is the quality work that Jim Kepner is doing, the top-flight reviews straight down the line, the artwork and layout. In other words, the general quality and taste of what you are doing.

Comment to Jim Kepner: You should expand the article in the current issue to book length. A historic overview of gay awareness development worldwide. Probably nobody is more qualified than you to do it (something like *All Our Yesterdays* in SF fandom). I guess a lot of it depends on your ability to come up with some of these old zines. I wish you luck. I find the history of organized gaydom to be quite fascinating, though I've never partaken in joining any organizations.

Also please ask your record reviewer to sample a copy of "Caravan Tonight" by Stephen Grossman—the most successful blend of popular music and upfront gay consciousness I have ever heard. I love the album.

Keep it up!

Best,
Ken Rudolph

Jim is constantly talking about writing such a book as you suggest (and a number of others as well). Unfortunately, he seems to be so busy keeping up and earning a living that he frequently doesn't have the time to get an article ready for us. We can only hope that that situation will improve in time.

There is a review of Mr. Grossman's album in this issue (page 52).

—Editor

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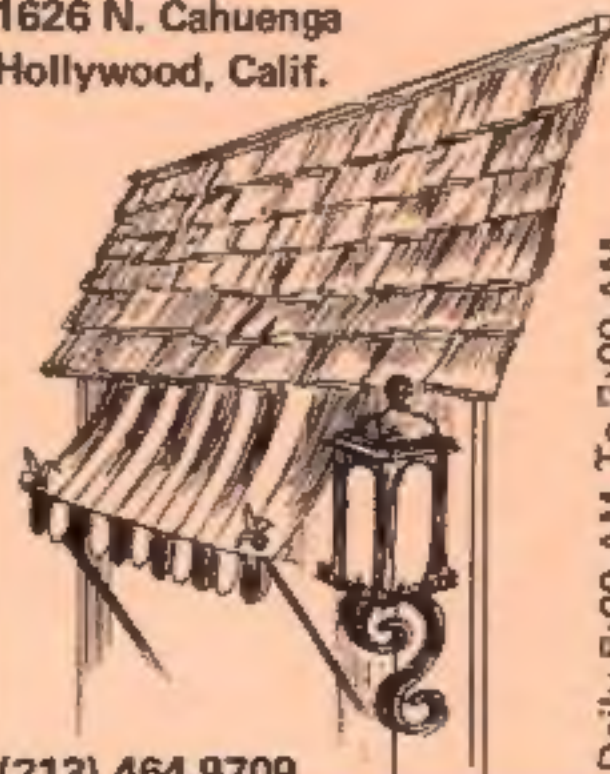
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IN TOUCH

Leo—"The Romantic Ruler"

The Sun's rays will shine on you, bringing greater feelings of confidence, optimism and independence this month. The financial area of your life should have an assortment of events. Possibly you'll be obtaining extra cash or gathering it from some old debt, though you will also be spending it quite freely. For Leos involved in an affair, it will continue to keep flowing smoothly. If you're still looking for that certain person this might not be the best time to pursue the search. On the whole August should be refreshing but somewhat less lively than July.

First Decanate—July 23-Aug. 3

For early Leos, this should be a quiet August but guard your fiery temperament. You will often feel a need to retreat so you can read and develop your mind. Your love life may be slightly dimmer. However, early Leo, if you have been recently planning to begin a new artistic or theatrical project, this is an excellent period to originate it.

Second Decanate—Aug. 3-Aug. 13

Social life in bars may seem slightly dimmer compared to last month, though other events will compensate for this minor loss. Life may be taking a new turn. The Moon's Node trining your Sun brings the possibility of an involvement in a radiant romance. With this new situation developing, you really will have no need to go bar-hopping for you will enjoy spending those enchanted evenings at home. You will find new joys in recreational areas such as parks and beaches. On the whole August's breeze will be quite renewing.

Third Decanate—Aug. 14-Aug. 23

There may be more time spent on quiet intellectual pursuits, however, you will still feel quite active and nervous. You may socialize less than last month, but chances are good for meeting that special person for the cosmic vibrations are working to draw you both together. Many friends may seem less aware of your needs than usual but someone close will still be understanding of your desires. Uranus sextiling to your Sun

can cause many of you late Leos to consider looking for a new residential location. The aspects are quite favorable if you wish to do so.

Virgo—"Nature's Child"

Watch your language! It can instigate some genuine misfortunes. Remember Mars is in Virgo and this can cause some real turmoil, but also it can give you more forward, aggressive and active characteristics. This will add a little spice to your personality. August will bring a colorful, exciting social life with the possibility of meeting some new acquaintances. You might not be visiting the bars that frequently, nevertheless, you'll still meet some stimulating people.

Libra—"The Gentle Charmer"

You'll probably be concerned with certain friendships, socializing and having a good time this August. The job situation should clear itself up at this time. This is the time for you Libras to be more considerate of your lover and those close to you. Uranus conjuncts and Venus squares your Sun. Be careful. This can cause some real upheavals in relationships. If you're searching for someone, you have excellent chances of meeting a rather foxy fellow. This situation may be dynamic at first, but don't get carried away, because it can fizzle out like a spring shower. So take the experience as it comes.

Scorpio—"The Magnetic One"

Strong indications denote a new job offering or promotion this month. There may be minor frustrations involving employment, but all should turn out favorably. It seems that much of your energy will be directed towards visiting friends. This may cause some concern but all will end happily. With Venus, Jupiter and Saturn all trining your Sun, favorable circumstances should occur. If you're still looking for someone special, you have a good chance of finding him. If you're presently involved in an affair, it should seem more fulfilling this month. Nerves can be a problem at times, but with all the good you have directed toward you, there shouldn't be any need to get too worried.

with the stars

Sagittarius—"The Optimistic Archer"

It seems like all your thoughts will be on flying off to an exotic place. Favorable aspects of your Sun show that you would really enjoy a relaxing vacation this month. More serious Sagittarians may become involved with some new philosophy or meditation. Watch your bluntness at work. You can put your foot in your mouth causing some real disastrous situations. If you keep quiet, the problem should take care of itself.

Capricorn—"The Ambitious Goat"

During August the financial situation may cause you to think of splitting with your lover or roommate, but if you try, you will be able to work something out. Mars trining to your Sun can make you feel more energetic, active and verbal this month. If you're not involved already, there's a good chance someone new you meet will arouse your affections. Being serious will help all minor difficulties this time.

Aquarius—"The Unusual Lover of Life"

The flaming August Sun shines its light on an involvement which began last month. Minor problems can arise from this relationship or with others close to you. It seems as if much of your invigorating Uranian energies will be directed toward them. You'll find a job that you began in July is developing quite nicely. Your health should be improving this month. One word of final advice to Aquarians is to try to keep practical with finances since you may be squandering more than you're making.

Pisces—"The Mystical Dreamer"

It'll be necessary to be kinder and more considerate to close friends this month. Mars in Virgo can cause you to be more frank and tacky than usual, so control those deep Neptunian emotions. Remember: Venus is favorably aspecting your Sun this month so you shall receive all the necessary cooperation needed. A new friend you meet may be quite affectionate towards you but don't take advantage of him. If you're involved in any artistic or theatrical projects this month, you will find some genuine pleasurable moments with them. In general, there should be many sunny days this month for you. Again, don't take undue

advantage of favorable circumstances.

Aries—"The Originator"

For the most part your warm stimulating energies should be steered toward a creative project which you've previously begun. Interests will expand this month with much time spent on entertainment, theatre and recreation. Chances are you will be consuming a lot of time with a handsome guy. This may cause some minor flaring frustrations. Be cautious with regard to an unexpected accident at work, or home. The proverb about an ounce of prevention often proves so true.

Taurus—"The Gentle Bull"

Great potentials for moving or purchasing furniture are indicated by the monthly transits. Mars trining to your Sun will bring greater activity and increased sexual contact. Be careful, though, this aspect can lead you to an affair that will bring much strife. It will be beneficial if you develop more patience with new lovers at this time. Venus favorably aspecting your Sun can help you to react more pleasantly. Utilize this advantage.

Gemini—"The Persuasive Charmer"

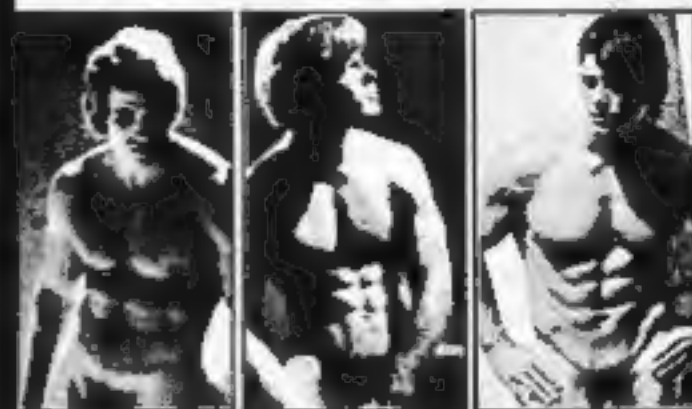
You will not be bored for long with Neptune opposing and Jupiter and Mars squaring your Sun. Be realistic. There is a tendency to be overly optimistic, falling into some dreamlike illusions. A very active month is promised, but you might find yourself getting uptight at the slightest upset so watch that temper. It will be beneficial to devote more time to intellectual pursuits and reading. For Gemini, that's easier said than done. Much traveling close to home is indicated this month. The best advice is to expect the unexpected.

Cancer—"The Sensitive Crab"

Your deeper emotions may find some satisfaction as gentle Venus transits over your Sun. Jumping blindly into quick relationships with new guys you meet is not the best for you Cancers though you may have a strong urge to do so. Exercise control over your heart. Take time to really know the people you meet. Nerves can reach a peak in tensions this month, but with Venus near you should be all right. Some of you will want to splurge on clothes. If you can afford it, go ahead.

—DONN DEMIAN

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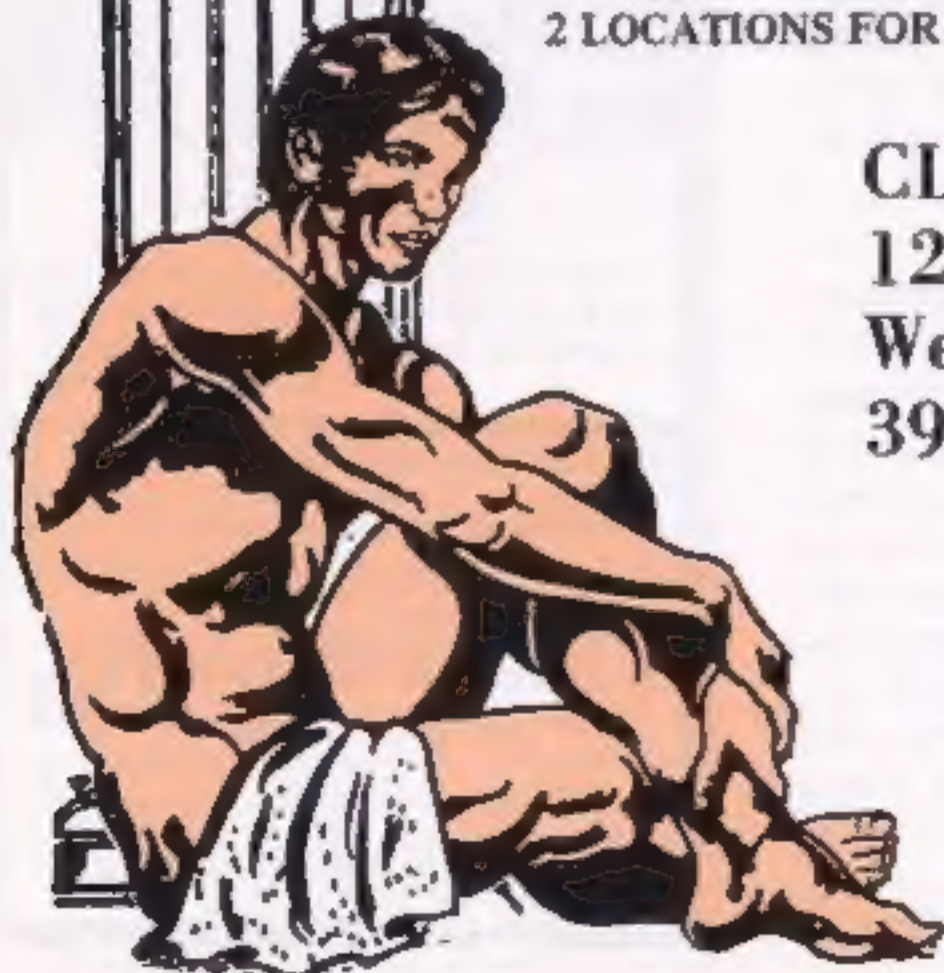
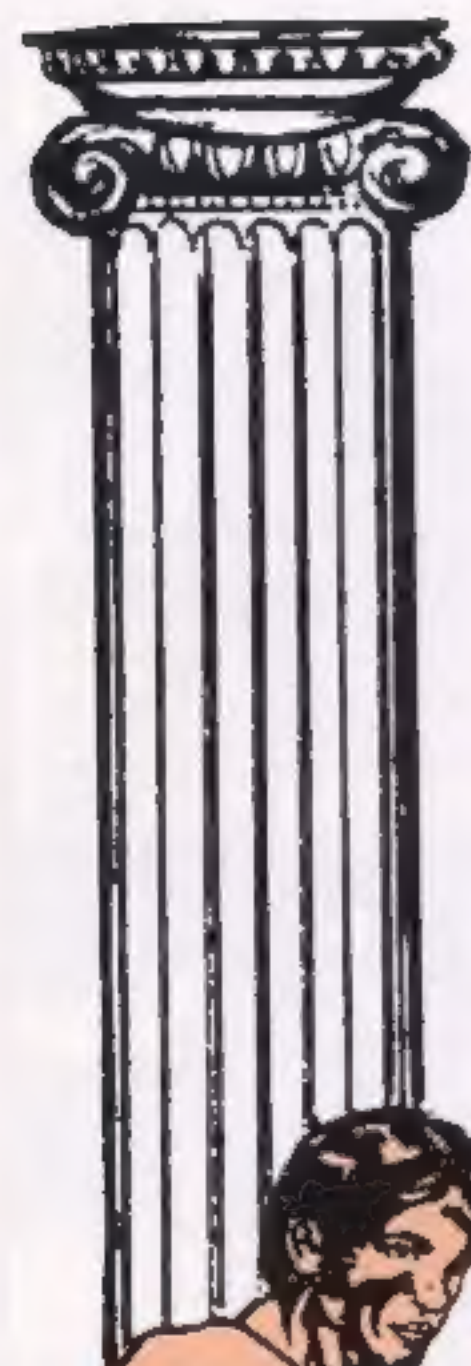
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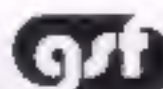
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IN TOUCH comments

For three and a half years New York gay activists have pushed for adoption of a city regulation (called INTRO 2 this year) to ban discrimination in housing, employment and public accommodations based on "sexual orientation." Since the bill's first appearance on the City Council agenda, January 6, 1971, it has failed four times to get out of committee, while 11 other cities (three in Michigan plus San Francisco, Seattle, Laguna Beach and Washington, D.C.) have adopted similar measures. But as gay political clout has grown, so has the number of councilmanic supporters, and it was no surprise when the bill was voted out of committee this April 18 in a 7 to 1 vote. Commentators said it was virtually unheard of for a bill so approved by the General Welfare Committee to fail in the 43-man Council.

Sponsored by 19 councilmen, Intro 2 was thought to be supported by at least six more. The *New York Times* and the *New York Post* had given considerable favorable coverage, and the gay activists agreed to prevent any embarrassing zaps.

Then the Uniformed Fire Officers Assn. went on a heavy campaign against the "perverts and sodomites bill." Firemen, they said, sleep in the same room, shower together, run around nude and joke around a lot—and a known homosexual in their midst might get raped, though it was generally unclear whether firemen being interviewed feared getting raped or doing the raping.

Then Cardinal Cooke of New York, most antediluvian of the American Catholic hierarchy, lambasted the bill in the Archdiocese newspaper, as "A Menace to Family Life," warning of dire consequences of homosexual couples moving in on two-family dwellings, and perverts teaching our children. The Archbishop's blast didn't at first seem to dampen the bill's prospects. Father Rafferty, chairman of the Archdiocesan senate of priests, complained that they'd not been consulted about the chancery statement, though the National Federation of Priests had strongly endorsed gay rights.

Council president Paul O'Dwyer, a Roman Catholic, continued to support

the bill, though as president he couldn't vote. And Brooklyn Democratic leader Meade Esposito, also Catholic and generally no liberal, volunteered his support, saying, "It's 1974, not 1880." A firemen's demonstration against the bill fizzled badly.

But Hassidic Jews, homeowners and some parent groups were loud in opposition, and *Post* columnist Nicholas Von Hoffman sniffed at claims that Gays really suffer from discrimination. The council was flooded with hate mail and some supporters were reported wavering. On May 7, Intro 2 was defeated, 19-22.

Or should we count it a victory that 19 councilmen in the nation's largest city voted for a bill that would have been unthinkable five years ago? Or that strong Roman Catholic forces now support gay rights, despite the Archbishop of New York? Or that what the firemen now say about us is only what they said

about Blacks a few years ago? When another gay-rights bill failed in the New York legislature nine years ago, former Attorney General Herbert Browne said that it would and should be reconsidered.

Speaking of churches, the conservative Protestant weekly, *Christianity Today*, April 26, ran an article by an anonymous "non-practicing homosexual" (how guiltily self-righteous that sounds) hysterically denouncing the "deceptions" practiced as theology by Metropolitan Community Church. "I M." painfully snags the contradictoriness of much MCC theology, for example, the shallow argument that 1 Cor. 6:9 condemns only certain *kinds* of homosexuals; but he, like most *pro-gay* writers on the matter misses entirely the context of St. Paul's famed condemnations of homosexual acts in Romans and Corinthians. Paul argues (taking each book as a whole, rather than individual verses which often state a position only to refute it) that all men, like the homosexuals they condemn, are complete sinners under the law; and that all sins, by Christ's perfect life and sacrifice, are equally wiped out. Every person under grace, he says, is fully guiltless, though the weakness of their flesh still leads them to sin. In Corinthians, speaking of slave and free, cripple or whole, married and single, he says that everyone should remain in the state they were in when God called them, and he concludes his argument in Romans by forbidding any to condemn others for their sin, thereby putting stumbling-blocks in the way of another, "for I know and am persuaded of the Lord Jesus that nothing is unclean of itself. . . ."

MCC-LA's rococo new home is indeed impressive, enough even to offset the complaints of some that the gay community is putting too much money into fancy properties when so many hardworking cause organizations are crippled for lack of operating expenses, and when effective gay activists like David Glascock (who has accomplished so much, despite an occasional misstep) can't afford bus fare to attend meetings they set up with city officials. I see no reason why the gay community should not have its fine buildings—but we also should not let our own starve.

—JIM KEPNER

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Now you're all set to pile on those big, beautiful muscles—fast. Of course you'll still have to work out and eat well, but what's the difference? You'll actually feel and look so much healthier in the next few weeks that you'll be asking yourself why you didn't do it sooner.

Your sex life will pick up too, because what you're taking is, after all, a male hormone drug. You'll spring out of bed each morning like a tiger, eager to meet the day. And after only two or three months you'll feel that you've gained enough in size and strength, so, if your doctor is like most, he'll probably prescribe a more stingy amount—to keep you coming back, for more business.

So you decide to go on training as usual, without the little pills? After all, you're busting out of all your shirts, and friends are even saying that you're getting too big. . . .

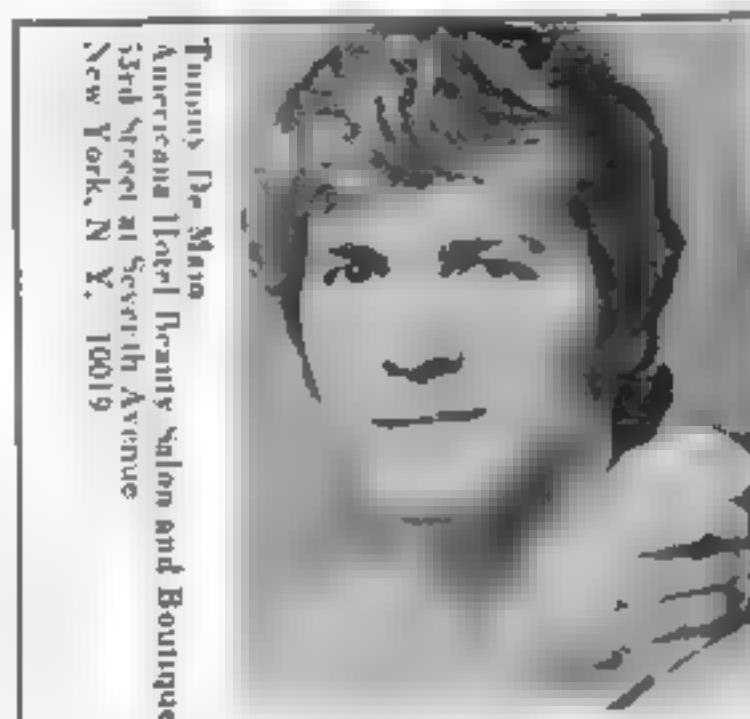
And now look out, brother. You're in for a shock.

Within a few days of taking that last pill, your body will begin to deflate like a douche bag, and you'll feel about like one. The weights which seemed so light just a few days ago will seem impossible to lift. Your sex drive will cease to exist, and you'll find it harder each day to drag out of bed in the morning.

What are you going to do? Nothing, if you're smart. Just let your body regain its own balance. But if you're more hung up on your physical appearance than your health, you'll crawl back to



the doc for another supply and start taking them as soon as you get your



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trembling hands on them. Only this time, in order to get the same result, your body will demand twice the supply. And as you go along, you'll have to double the dosage again and again, till one day you'll recollect something the doc mumbled about the side effects—when you notice a yellowing of the whites of your eyes, coupled with a heavy-lidded look that makes you appear desperately short of sleep. Jaundice will be setting in by that time.

What happened?

Well, I'm no physician, and some will discount my opinions for that reason. But I've been around bodybuilders. I've tried the drugs myself, and I've seen a lot of competitive bodybuilding friends go down the tubes because of these drugs.

Several size freaks in a gym where I work out at present are building their bodies up with the aid of steroids, like a herd of cattle waiting for slaughter. Their time is limited.

Which all comes from our greed to get ahead of one another without simply doing the work that it takes. Some people do it by killing themselves to amass more wealth. Others try other ways, and bodybuilding is one way.

Men generally have a natural ability to produce a certain amount of the natural hormone called testosterone. Our glands produce it at a rate determined by our individual heredity, to give us an ample amount for healthy living.

Artificial hormones introduced suddenly and in quantity into the system upset the usual balance of our bodies. The glands producing testosterone no longer need to do their job because of the foreign stuff, which our bodies quickly come to depend on. But when that is cut off, our bodies cry out for more, signalling the glands to get back in production.

But by this time, those glands are out of shape, and can't produce the quantities needed—which is when we have our first shock. If we gave them time to readjust, it wouldn't be so bad. Eventually our body would return to as good a shape as before the drug was taken, but when more and more drugs follow, something has to give. And usually the first thing to give is our liver.

When that happens, we're not really the same again, ever.

—JIM CASSIDY



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personality

by Neal Weaver
photos by Ken Howard

ROSE IS A ROSE

The appointment was for twelve noon on a matinee day. So I presented myself at the stage door of the Brooks Atkinson Theatre.

"He's not here yet, but he should be in soon," the stage doorman said. "He always comes very early."

He was George Rose, currently co-starring with Lynn Redgrave in Charles Laurence's Broadway comedy *My Fat Friend*. And the comment that he "always comes very early" somehow confirmed the impression I had of him as a conscientious, hard-working actor.

As I stood outside the stage door, waiting, enjoying the fresh spring weather, and listening to the chatter of passing matinee ladies, I reviewed in my mind what I knew of George Rose.

First of all, that his career fills a full page of *Who's Who in the Theatre*, which also tells us that his hobbies are cats and gramophone records. That he is an English character actor, in the great tradition of Redgrave, Olivier, Ralph Richardson, and Anthony Quayle—and he has acted with them all. He made his acting debut (after brief stints as a secretary and a farmer) with the Old Vic Company in 1944, in *Peer Gynt*—with Ralph Richardson in the title role, and a supporting cast that included Laurence Olivier and Sybil Thorndike.

Since that time he has been continually active in everything from films (*The Pickwick Papers*, *The Night My Number Came Up*, *Hawaii*, *A New Leaf*) to Broadway hits (*A Man for All Seasons*, for which he was nominated for a Tony Award; *The Royal Hunt of the Sun*; *Sleuth*; *Loot*; and *Coco*, among others).

His willingness to tour extensively with the shows he has appeared in on Broadway has enabled him to see more of America than most native-born citizens, and won him loyal audiences all over the country. And now he has reaped new kudos for his performance as Henry, the outrageous homosexual queen who helps Lynn Redgrave reduce in *My Fat Friend*. (*Time* magazine concluded its reviews, "Rose is a rose!")

I didn't have long to wait. Within two minutes a brisk and cheerful George Rose appeared, tieless but dapper, and greeted me. (The accuracy of the account in *Who's Who in the Theatre* was evidenced by the fact that he was carrying a fat parcel from Sam Goody's Record Shop—and later he was to show me photos of two of his three exotically beautiful cats, who, along with two dogs, have traveled all over the country with him, when he was touring, in a mobile home acquired for the purpose—and equipped, of course, with a spectacular stereo system.)

I soon discovered that George Rose is at least as entertaining offstage as he is on, with a real style as a conversationalist, a keen analytical mind that ranges over all sorts of subjects, and a very ready wit. But the scene is best rendered in dialog.

"Mr. Rose, I notice from your credits that almost everything you've done in the last few years has been in the United States."

"Oh, I've lived here since 1961. I didn't intend to move here. But I came over with a play that had a very long run—*A Man for All Seasons*—and then toured with that. And then other things kept turning up. And so, thirteen years later, here I am."

"It's interesting that of the three theatres on 47th Street, all three are currently occupied by plays dealing with homosexuality: *Find Your Way Home*, *Noel Coward In Two Keys*, and *My Fat Friend*. Does this sudden spate of plays about homosexuality strike you as a positive thing, in terms of the theatre—or, for that matter, in terms of homosexuality?"

"Well, homosexuals do support the theatre, you know. But it

rather depends on the play, doesn't it? There's no particular value in simply doing plays about homosexuality. If it's a good play, if it's worth doing, that's the real question. People do have strong reactions to the subject, of course. The Theatre Guild refused to recommend our play to its subscribers because one of the characters is a homosexual. On the other hand, the New York Drama League has booked three benefits."

"In your extensive tours with *Sleuth* and *A Man for All Seasons*, how different did you find the audiences around the country? Was it necessary to change your performance, or otherwise adjust to them?"

"No, I've never found that to be true. This idea that New York is the center of the universe is absurd. Audiences turn out to be extremely bright in places like Kalamazoo. For instance, I recall a particularly bright and responsive audience in Davenport, Iowa."

"I take it you really like touring?"

"I'm really not crazy about playing the Number Ones. Five weeks in Washington, eight in Chicago, and so on. What's fun is really getting off the beaten track. And traveling in a motor-home was such a delight."

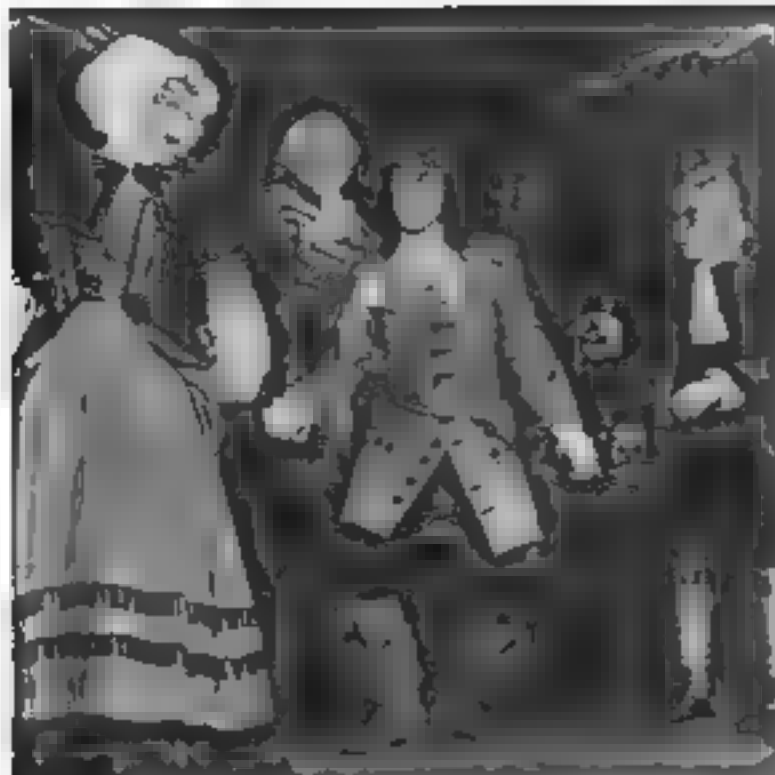
"That trip taught me how totally unrepresentative of America New York really is. I'd always heard that, but I'd never really gotten into the hinterlands. In this one, we played Texas, Oklahoma, Arizona, Colorado, and so on. And that was really interesting."

"What was it like working in *Coco* with Katharine Hepburn?"

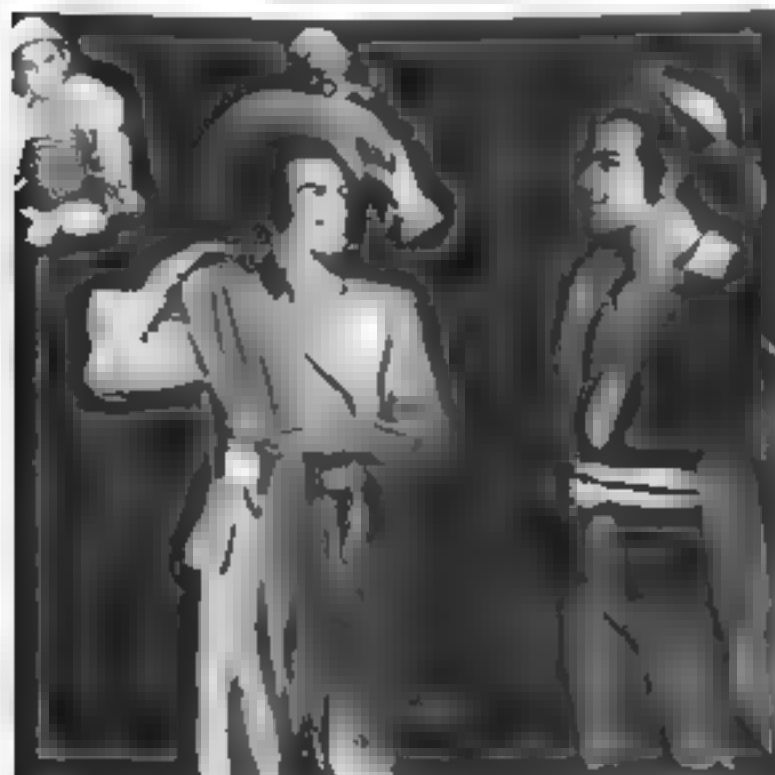
"She's a total professional, a total disciplinarian. One feels it would take considerably more than an act of God to make her miss a performance. Even when she got bitten by her chauffeuress in Hartford, she came straight to the theatre with her hand in a bandage and went on. . . . Oh, didn't you hear about that? She was attacked by her chauffeuress. It was dreadful. For weeks she had to play with her hand in a sort of metal frame. Nothing can stop her. One has to respect that."

The talk turned to acting in general.

"One uses oneself as a kind of medium . . . and the best actors always seem to be those whose life is not entirely preoccupied with the theatre. Those who have wide-ranging interests. Sybil Thorndike, for instance, is a superb pianist—I toured Europe with her, in uniform, doing shows for the army. Olivier has a great knowledge of history. John Gielgud is enormously knowledgeable about art and literature. . . . Otherwise, one can work too much and become stale. Reduced to churning a performance out, relying on mannerisms. . . . Personally, I'm one who can always get interested in animals or music—sometimes to the extent that I resent having to go back to work. I've got other things I'm interested in—a whole run of reading, for instance. And I think it's important, particularly in a life as unsettled as the theatre often must be, to have certain responsibilities—things that must be taken care of—such as feeding and looking after my animals. I think it's the same thing with Marlene Dietrich, scrubbing down the woodwork in her dressing room. You have to do things that are practical and ordinary, just to get out of it for a while. . . . Dietrich is incredible. Lights her own shows, using a hand mirror to test the effects. She's taken the trouble to really learn the craft. I met her once, when she was appearing at the Cafe de Paris in London. Onstage she was all glamor and ermine—and in her dressing room, there she



LEFT ABOVE Margaret Leighton, Sir Ralph Richardson, George Rose and the late George Raft in Jonson's *The Alchemist* at the Old Vic in 1946 (Photo by John Vickers). LEFT CENTER Peter Copley as Tranio and George Rose as Lucentio in *The Taming of the Shrew* at the New Theatre in London in 1941 (Photo by John Vickers). BELOW As *Comus*, George Rose in *Shakespeare's Men* (1950). The



Nothing is old in which he has become famous. George was a part of the 1942-43 *Street On Avenue* season. Photo by Angus McBean. OPPOSITE PAGE ABOVE Photo of Sir Michael Redgrave attempts to rescue the hen passenger George Rose as Denholm Elliott's heart looks on in *The Sign of the Cross* (1953). OPPOSITE LEFT CENTER George Rose as the comic Jules in the 1944 London production of the Broadway hit comedy *My Sister Anna*. Photo by Angus McBean. OPPOSITE RIGHT CENTER George Rose as *Marin* in the Broadway production of *My Sister Anna*. Photo by Angus McBean. OPPOSITE BOTTOM LEFT George Rose as *Comus* in *Shakespeare's Men* (1950). OPPOSITE BOTTOM RIGHT George Rose as a female impersonator for the satirical British music hall song "Why Am I Always the Bravest of the Bravest?"



was with an old wicker costume hamper under the dresser. A real old trouper. She's marvelous."

"You've done a lot of work in classical plays. Is that a preference?"

"I suppose that rather depends on the circumstances. Who's directing. There are two ways of doing the classics. One is to do the play. Give it its head and fill the whole canvas. Or one can reduce it by squeezing it through the latest set of prejudices. . . . Or, for that matter, one can merely stage one's autobiography. And that's fatal. Look what happened to Narcissus."

"I notice that your career has largely been taken up with working in the theatre, with a film now and then. Nowadays, so many actors concentrate on film and do a play now and then."

"They do a play if they're capable of it."

"You think that generally speaking they aren't?"

"I wouldn't say that. It very much depends on their backgrounds. People who have come from the theatre, however long they have been away from it, never lose the idea of what acting should be—even if they haven't had much opportunity to practice it. I appeared with Greer Garson in *Captain Brassbound's Conversion* at the Ahmanson in Los Angeles. She'd made only sporadic theatrical appearances—two or three at the most—since the Thirties. But she had absolute command of the stage, her voice was really full, and she had the comedy timing of a real comedienne. If you are an actor, your mind goes on working, even when you aren't acting. When you see something that's done right, you latch onto it. Or perhaps even more so, when you see something that *isn't* done the way it ought to be."

"I take it you prefer the theatre?"

"There's no contest. As far as I'm concerned, acting is something that happens when there are people out front. Film is a kind of fraudulent improvisation that is photographed. It's geared to realize the director's intentions, not yours. The two can coincide, of course. If you're very lucky."

"But I'm not sure the younger actors take movies so seriously anymore. The attraction of the movies in the Thirties and Forties was financial security. The big studios, long contracts, continuity of work. That's gone now. They'd be more financially secure—on a lower financial level, of course—as a permanent member of the Seattle Company, or Bill Ball's ACT Company."

"And movies aren't paying as well anymore. It's not unusual to be asked to do a movie for a small fee and a percentage of the box-office returns. But that's risky, too. Because the producer may have disappeared, or formed another company under a different name, or have been last seen in a red wig in Tampa. Or if it does make money, you have no way of finding out how much money and what your share of the profits ought to be—unless you're a high-powered star with a whole battalion of lawyers."

"I did one film in Hawaii, called *Hawaii*, under the wasteful old Hollywood system. After ten days of shooting we hadn't finished two pages of script. I was there for twenty-four weeks. At one point I didn't work for nine weeks, though I was on a weekly salary. It was extremely profitable, but boring. Finally I got out to do a play, but only on the condition that I come back, at my own expense, to finish up."

"How do you feel about long runs? Do they get boring? If you run, say, more than a year?"

"Each performance is a different experience. I don't under-

stand people who say that after three months they start to grow stale. Audiences are always different. They have to be encouraged—or, for that matter, slapped down, if they get out of hand. There's a matinee audience gathering out there. A lot of ladies digging into their Fanny Farmers. They'll discuss Lynn, and her weight problems in the play, and how she looks, and her clothes, quite audibly. And one has to cope, technically.

"I've never found it to run dry, even after a year. I was awfully lucky in my younger days. Working with superb performers who took care that I didn't just begin to rely on business, and made me play each performance as it comes. You have to rethink it every time. Relisten. Listen to the audience."

"And how have you found the experience of working on *My Fat Friend*?"

"The play is much more complete here than it was in the London production. We were allowed to explore the relationships. And from the very first reading, there's never been a moment's strain or even a querulous question. It's the happiest show I've ever been in in my life.

"I can't tell you what a joy it is working with Lynn. She is a marvelous comedienne. She knows what a feed line is. So much of my comedy lies in replies to things she's set up. It's a difficult role. The whole play hangs on her. It's structured around her.

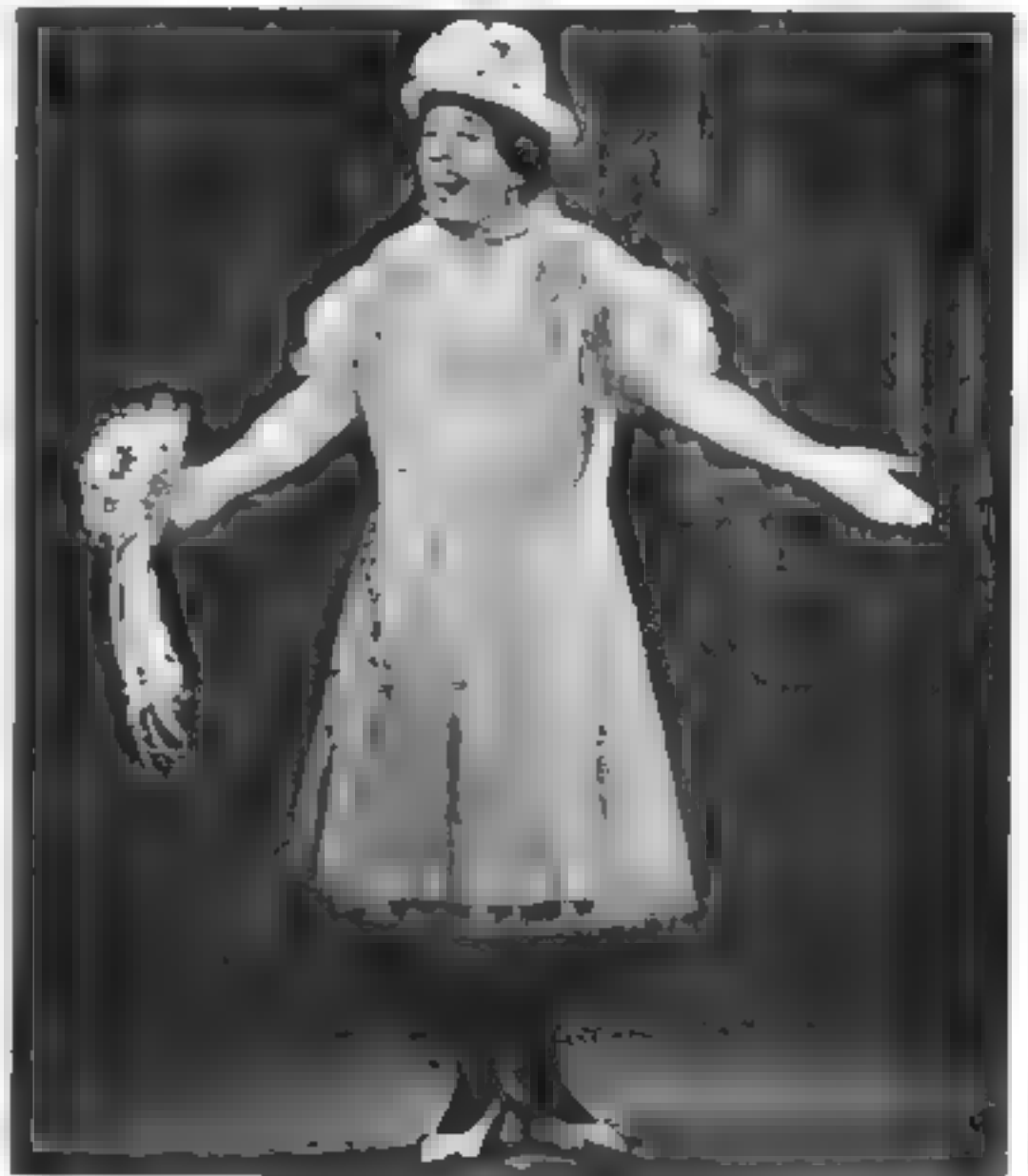
"And the director, Bob Moore . . . he came to it with enormous knowledge of the play, and he's been unflaggingly faithful to it. He's not staging his autobiography. There were no ego problems. And most important for us, he has a sure knowledge of what will work for American audiences."

"One of the things I admired in your performance is that your style and lightness of touch enable you to do things which are quite delightful in your hands, but would probably be appallingly vulgar if done by another actor. The business with the chocolate éclair, for instance. . . ."

"It never occurred to me it was vulgar. I thought of it as simply part of Henry's style, his approach to life, his camp, his outrageousness. And, of course, you can be as indecent as you want to be if you do it with wit, if you can be dirty *and* witty. And the author has given him wit. What one finds constantly nourishing is the language, which he has used with wit and precision and color. I take seventy-five per cent of my character from the things he speaks. Henry is absolutely honest. And absolutely honest with himself. He has genuine stature because of that, despite his outrageous facade, which he clings to in the way in which a queen would cling to a cliché—knowing perfectly well that it is a cliché. Using the weapons of the enemy, so to speak. His sarcasm is not really mean-spirited. It's wit. A very English tradition. What one says is not really that important. It's the way in which one says it. Delight in language. As one will sometimes allow oneself the luxury of saying something that isn't entirely true for the sheer pleasure of uttering a well-turned phrase."

"The amazing thing is that you are able to make him so thoroughly bitchy, and at the same time thoroughly endearing."

"He's not a character I would describe as bitchy. He has too great a sense of his own frailty and absurdity. His relationship with Vicky is beautifully sketched. It *is* a play about love. Loving without touching. . . . He's taught her to camp. As a means of survival. Her problems are quite real. Obsessive eating. But at the point where it might get unbearable, it's relieved by a joke—until she is in the mood to do something about it herself. And



when Henry comes back, on Christmas eve, expecting to find her, newly slim, in the arms of her lover, he finds the man has left her because she has been turned into a boy, an asexual, lean, high-fashion model. The breasts have disappeared. And so she's been deserted. Still, Henry manages to get her laughing, with the joke about the man with the ginger hair and no ears. But the

a retired operetta star. And there was one number she sang to the young people in the play. It had a quatrain I've always cherished

*Throughout my lonely youth
I knew too much reality
So now my only truth
Is artificiality*

Behind the artifices are very real people *using* the artifices. It's the paradox that makes it interesting, makes it theatrical. But the critics were too busy accusing him of not being profound to notice what he was really up to."

"I take it your natural preference is comedy rather than tragedy?"

"It's the most rewarding thing one can play. It can't be complete without the audience. It's very much a two-way street. And it demands a kind of technical ability that gives one great pleasure."

By now, the stage manager was calling half-hour, but the talk was so good I was reluctant to call a halt. And the talk went on About Rose's ambition to play Falstaff

"I'd like to do it, if only to rescue the role from 'condemned veal actors'. Do you know what I mean by that? Actors whose only asset is their girth. Because part of the problem of doing Falstaff is that he has to be enormous. How we do that I don't know. As I get older I get slimmer. Because it's just not healthy to get fatter. You can use padding, of course, but then the head is too small. And one has not only to be fat. One must be a real comed an. Capable of creating a sense of someone outside the order of things, whose bawdiness and lack of respect and decorum are really destructive to social order. He's such a richly comic character. Greatest comic character in the language. And of course, one would need a good director behind one, if it's to be appreciated, because historical and political beliefs have changed so much. How do you make the audience understand without giving them a lecture series first? John Barton's production of *Richard II*, recently performed at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, is one of the best productions I've seen of a historical play, though the critics have sadly underrated it. Walter Kerr says, 'Historical research puts audiences to sleep.' No one was sleeping the night I was there. Or even tempted to be. The critics knocked it because Barton attempted to surround the play with the beliefs and people of the time, bringing them into the action as an active force. It didn't reduce the play. It extended the range and resonance. The director's angle on a play is so important. He can try and get it all in, or he can pick an angle that realizes part of the play, and those pieces that don't fit are left out in the cold.

"And when the play is forced into some kind of concept, things can never be allowed to grow, lest they fail to fit the framework. The images are dead and fossilized. It's mere simulation, with none of the real potential and sheer imaginative *aliveness* of theatre.

"In Barton's production, there's no imposition of values. No saying Richard is bad and Bolingbroke is good. Simply two men, with their own strengths and weaknesses, contending for the power of the throne. And at the end, when Richard is falling from power—when he does the "Down, down, like glistening Phaeton"—he was standing on a sort of bridge, between two towers. He was wearing a gold cloak, very full, so that when he raised his hands he actually became a kind of circle of light—a

sun. And when he started to descend, it wasn't your usual mincing queen coming down the stairs, trying desperately not to trip over his cape. The whole bridge came down—and there he was, with one arm still raised in the air, like the wing of a wounded bird. Or like Icarus, plummeting down because he'd aimed at what was beyond him. . . . That's the sort of thing that theatre is all about. . . ."

But by now, the stage manager was calling "Fifteen minutes!", and affable as George Rose was and is, it was clear that his mind was on the fact that he had a performance to do, and that's what he wanted to think about. So we packed our cameras, and our notebooks, and reluctantly slipped away



midsummer night's madness: a dress rehearsal



Above
To an opening night of the Civic Light,
Che proudly escorts Belle in his custom
three-piece constructed in Europe to

*GO's exclusive requirements—a vest for
continuance, deep side vents and a dash-
ing suppressed waist jacket and those
trim top trousers with full leg.*

Midsummer Night's Madness is a delightful state we either hope for or strive for, and some even pray not to be led into it. Therefore, since everyone must know about it, let's call it theatre, and be done with it. That is a place where when things are bigger than life we usually come away with memories. A vital part of this ancient ritual has always been costuming and taking our lead from Anna Russell's advice to her audiences, that "not all the acting is done on the stage," we have attempted to costume the audience for their role.

Southern California has, as do all our reader areas, summer evening events of varying magnitude, and IN TOUCH has dressed up, or down, for a series of these occasions. So-o-o, let's grab our IN TOUCH's and run to the window and yell, "I can fly!" ... "Gee, I knew this kid named Peter and it always worked for him. Sir, would you retrieve my magazine out of the bushes and help me get this window glass out of my bathrobe? Thanks. I always seem to be depending on the kindness of strangers.... No! I am not from Pittsburgh!"

Our "theatrical" location this month is the intimate *Reverie Playhouse* located at 6568 Santa Monica Blvd., in Hollywood. Their recent production of Rodgers and Hammerstein's *Allegro* brought in good reviews for the young cast and a tear to even the coldest eye. All this has encouraged the producers, Paul Phillips and John Foryst, to continue presenting musical and comedy primarily. When you're in town check to see what the *Reverse* is offering (213/467-9383).

IN TOUCH welcomes back our contributors and this month they are all in their best bibs and tucker. Let's thank them alphabetically.

Ah-Men, 8933 Santa Monica Blvd., West Hollywood, 90069, continues to be a complete men's store for all reasons. Their originals, and their imports will highlight — or supplement — any wardrobe. Friendly, attractive staff—like David and Vern—will assist or stand by while you browse. For the local walk-in trade, Ah-Men's Clothes-Out—across the street—sells all at reduced prices. Write for Ah-Men's new catalog for 50 cents.

Bowinkle's Revenge has three outlets in the L.A. area: 7985 and 8449 Santa Monica Blvd., and 22 Washington Street at Venice Beach. And their specialty is antique clothing of the '30s, '40s and '50s. Granted, some are assisted with embroidery, studs, rhinestones and spray Art-Deco. Owner/Manager Marie Stokes opened three years ago and has been riding the crest wave ever since. Custom work is possible—ask John Lennon, Barbra Streisand, or Julie Christie.

Fritz/That Look, 2512 Hyperion Ave., L.A., 90027, also offers a 50-cent catalog. Fritz creates an exclusive line of casual clothing, but of choice European type fabrics and fine detailing. A definite design statement for each garment is his trademark—nothing "ordinaire" here.

Go Men's Wear, at 8701 Santa Monica Blvd., in West Hollywood, must be considered by the seriously dedicated men about town when they shop. Owners Bob Guidice and Gerry Ogden have created an essentially complete men's store and a style attitude that one visit will warrant your respect, if not your patronage. Their exceptional taste and their preference of walk-in trade, for adequate fittings, is an understandable one.

Zeidler & Zeidler is almost everywhere in the L.A. area: Western Plaza, Santa Monica, Woodland Hills, Belmont Shore and South Bay. IN TOUCH reunited with the old homestead on Sunset Strip, at 1448 N. Crescent Heights. Congenial manager Al Marino turned me over to Richard Allen Hawkins II, fashion coordinator for all the stores, and my job was done pronto. Dashing and daring statements continue to be made at Z&Z. All the shops handle the latest statements in "boots and shoes" and sometimes under a separate roof next door.

A word about our models this month, and last, but not least, "Belle" —

Below:

Star of the Janet McD. "boom-boom" room, Belle poses with her favorite "backer," Dwight, in his Pierre Cardin

cotton/twill suiter, conceived in Paris, and made in Brazil. Leather drawstring tie front and appliques neatly abound in this exclusive at Ah-Men.



our star performer

Dwight Freeman is a six-foot Texan who has lived with his wife, a veterinarian assistant, in L.A. for over a year, and he works as a proofreader, plus instructs in chess. Of French/German/Indian descent, Dwight has been a practicing vegetarian for over a year—and if they ever needed an endorsement, he would be it. Dwight, well into the self-development disciplines, is tomorrow's child in the flesh—and it's a beautiful combination.

Six-footer Che McCaskill recently moved to L.A. from Grass Valley, Calif., and is planning to return to his college training locally. Travel caught up with

him this year and he wishes he could combine both. His hobbies back home were skiing and woodcarving, which probably developed his trim frame and set his shyness—wonderful attributes to behold in a big city.

John Paul Jones has been working in theatre locally with stock and repertory groups, including L.A.'s Free Shakespeare Festival (*As You Like It*) performance last summer, and in the *Dirtiest Show in Town*, the Hawaiian production. Also a six-footer, John aspires to the theatre, or movies, or TV, and his hobby and work presently is auditioning.



This month's session started out with bigger-than-life problems, culminating in a mad caravan dash across town, and after everyone was "lunched," work finally began. Tensions flew away as "Belle" hilariously created role after role for our camera. A versatile, seriously dedicated guy, Belle somehow knew what was just enough—a rare talent in itself. He became a performer at Boston's Other Side for three years, and then on to Plus 1 in Washington, D.C. After a brief spot with Charles Pierce in San Francisco, Belle moved to L.A. recently where he made his first L.A. appearance, very successfully, at the Kingmasters' Third Night of Stars benefit. Belle, another six-footer, trained in summer stock and appeared in major productions of *Li'l Abner*, *Zoo Story* and *Where's Charley?*, but playing Jack—what a mistake they made. For all the joy, and the obvious success of his efforts as seen on these pages, *IN TOUCH* wishes to dedicate this month's layout to Belle—a star performer.



Left, Above:

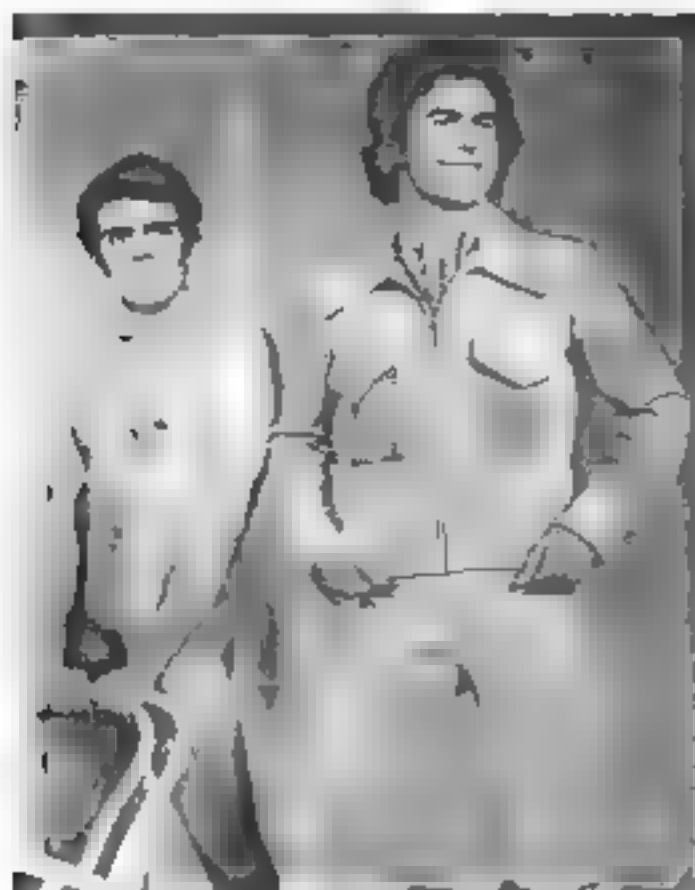
Che's aunt, who made her money as a chicken farmer in Petaluma, said she had box seats at the Bowl, so he dressed up in his GO exclusive suit pants and vest and topped it off for that extra dash with GO's poly/textured matched-plaid jacket.

Left, Below:

A black and white overture when John and Dwight pair up in body-hugging giana shirts by Fritz/That Look. Strategically placed "glitz" adorn these handsome creations with black-strap lacings of a sheer-flesh insert back. Satin pants from Bowinkle's *Revenge* go dark and light for night.

Right:

What a corner! If this keeps up Belle may buy a door! Looking like a big spender with taste, Che wears GO's two-piece exclusive wide and wonderful glen plaid. Glory-floral tie and muted checker-shirt are from England for GO. John sports a two-piece "tattersall" Pierre Cardin, made in Brazil of 100 per cent cotton. White and sledge horizontal ribbed turtle by Gino Paoli and all Ah-Men.



Left

Finding a seat, while surrounded by nature, can be half the fun for Dwight in this poly-hugging, cotton exclusive by Fritz/That Look. Quiet matched plaid and a longer-than-like jacket make this fun, casual evening-out wear



Right:

The Greek Theatre will be warmer when John arrives in this combo of "Jupiter" jacket in poly/cotton, nylon shirt by Pascal and poly/cotton trousers by Ramon. All tight, bright and easy from Zeidler & Zeidler





Above left:

Dwight is ready to show the Intermission crowd a thing or two in Pierre Cardin's light all-wool jacket with satin shirt by Philip Merideth and eastern poly/rayon cling trousers by McMurtry. All Zeldier & Zeldier

Above right:

It takes pull to work backstage. Che has dressed for that after-the-show, up-in-the-hills party in a Bowinkle's Revenge recycled jacket with brass studs and ruby rhinestones. His Israelian T-shirt is pure Ah-Men, and the stretch poly pants are an exclusive of Fritz/That Look.

Left:

Che stays at home when John takes their one good suit to town. And it's one of the best by "Jupiter"/Paris in 100 per cent French cotton. Topped with Pierre Cardin's "signature" acrylic roll-neck sweater, John can be seen just anywhere tonight. All from Ah-Men.



Above and Page 4.

Rocky Whorer and her "Hot Socks Co." John wears black with white polka-dot shirt and tie of poly/cotton by Roland. They also made Dwight's satin-striper and tie—and all available from Zeidler & Zeidler. Che wears GO's Bryant of England plaid with solid collar in poly/cotton

Right.

John's deaf Aunt Flatateeta loves to have his friends over for cocoa, and slumber parties. They went to Bowinkle's Revenge and each rediscovered '40s dressing gowns. Dwight found a boucle wool with appliqued waistband, John located a theatre robe of velvet and crewel blooms, and Che had to have a "super" silk kimono—all very campy and fun!





rising star

The Winning Ways Of David

by Allan Leopold
photography by Hy Chase

When David Winn turns on the charm, an interviewer dissolves into a mound of mush and isn't much good for anything. So I pulled myself together when he directed those incredible brown eyes, that dance out of that chiseled top-model face, on me. Resolutely, I pulled out my notepad and summoned all of my inner resources to concentrate on doing the interview. Since he had left his hotel suite door open, there was nothing else this poor old reporter could do. I picked up my pencil and buckled down to the task at hand.

Dressed in a soft open-at-the-throat, blue velour shirt and a pair of tan corduroy trousers, David began by asking the time.

"Don't you wear a watch?" I inquired

"No. Nothing. I don't believe in jewelry. It makes me uncomfortable."

"You mean you wouldn't even wear a friendship ring? From a very close friend?"

"No. That's been tried before but, as you can see. . ."

He held up his naked fingers and smiled. It occurred to me, along about here, that I was dealing with a terribly independent spirit. David continued to smile and his teeth looked so gorgeously white and straight I was determined to keep my mouth shut as much as possible.

"Your teeth are beautiful. I suppose you model them a lot?"

"Nope. Not for closeup work. They tell me they're not even as white enough. But I have been lucky. I've been picked for a lot of modeling jobs."

"Tell me about them."

"Well, when I was at the University of Miami, Marian Poian signed me. My very first job was a Certs commercial. Then I did a Coca-Cola, a Firestone Mini-Sport Tire and an Arrid Deodorant where I ran barefoot through a dappled meadow. As I emerged and ran down toward the beach, I guess the Arrid took over and the breakers came in to meet me. My last college commercial was for Levi's by Celanese Fiber."

"I bet you looked good in them."

"Well, I live in jeans anyway."

"Let's start at the beginning. We're getting ahead of ourselves. Here you are a big commercial model and we don't even know how you got started."

"I got started on November 22, 1948, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Xavier Winn of Woonsocket, Rhode Island, right outside of Cumberland Hill."

"That sounds very Catholic. Have you seen *The Exorcist* yet?"

"Yes, but I don't buy that story. You see, I believe there's good and evil in all of us. Exorcising Regan of the devil doesn't automatically turn her into a saint either."

"Do you attend church in the different cities on your tour? When I interviewed Mary Boland years ago she told me she was so devout she was known as the Steeplechaser."

"I'm not a practicing Catholic anymore. I've had bad experiences with priests. Priests, who are trusted by people, often cause a great deal of damage. One priest wouldn't talk to me when he found out I wasn't a practicing Catholic."

"I went to Plainfield High School in Plainfield, New Jersey. Then I enrolled in Miami Dade North Junior College. I worked for two years there toward a degree in business and marketing. That is all I ever really wanted to do. That and play golf. I would head for the green whenever I put a test behind me. I transferred to the University of Miami and put in another year there in business and marketing. But when I met Bob (Buckets) Lowry, my whole life changed. He was the drama instructor and, at first, he didn't like me. He thought I was just another business major taking his course for an easy grade. He was right but I grew to respect him. He really began to inspire me and it was because of him that I switched majors. After class, we chug-a-lugged at a local bar and rapped about the theatre. He told me that, if I really applied myself, he thought I could cut it. He's still teaching there, inspiring others. He said, 'You can make it if you can last eight to ten years in this business. Stay with it.' So I wound up going to school for five years and I became the only guy to graduate from the University of Miami with a major in

drama and a minor in marketing.

"My first part was the merchant in the musical, *The Boys from Syracuse*. Robert Ankrum directed me and he gave me a lot of encouragement when I needed it most. I joined Pi Kappa Alpha Fraternity and they sat in the front row and cheered me on. Then the University Theatre Group cast me in *Trudi and the Minstrel* and we toured elementary schools with it. I played the minstrel, Peter Pumpernickel, and you can log this under the heading of Experience. My last year, a group of actors put on a production of Edward Albee's *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* and I played Nick. You might say the acting bug had really taken a good bite out of me. Just before I graduated, I went to see Marian Polan to tell her I was going on to New York to become a big star and I needed modeling work to pay the rent. She told me to look up Marge Fields and to use her name as a reference. I graduated from the University of Miami in 1971, went to the big city and found that Marge Fields was one of the toughest gals to get in to see in all of New York.

"Finally, I couldn't take it any longer and, one day, I followed the postman right into her inner office. This didn't work out like it does in the movies. Miss Fields is a very hard nut to crack and she didn't appreciate the postman and me both in her office together. You see, it's a cozy inner office and she's a very busy woman. We both kind of decided at the same time that we weren't going to get to know each other any better and, well . . . I left. But luck was with me. Dan Deeley of the Wilhelmina Agency signed me for Print Media the very next day and got me an interview with Stark Hazeltine who was then connected with CMA, the big acting agency. Stark had personally cast Robert Redford in the stage production of *Barefoot in the Park*. This script became a kind of personal identification for him and, ever since, he has been trying to discover new Robert Redfords by auditioning them in this play. I think every male hopeful who enters his office is tried out this way. That script must be almost worn down to the nub by now. Anyway, I guess he liked my imitation of Robert Redford because he agreed to handle me.

"That very day he sent me over to audition for *Moonchildren* and I read for the lead. However, I am never any good at readings. I had no idea what *Moonchildren* was about. I was totally unprepared and, naturally, I didn't get the part. Shortly after this I worked one day on 'Love of Life'. I played a kid in a funeral scene whose teacher had just died of cancer. It was all very sad but my grief was telescoped into one day. Then I did two Skinny Dip Cologne commercials with Season Hubley, the lead in MGM's *The Lolly Madonna War*.

"In March 1972, I did an ad for *Cosmopolitan* and they flew me to Eleuthra Island in the Bahamas. It's an out island and served as the vacation setting for three couples enjoying that part of the world. I spent five days absolutely luxuriating there (and being paid for it!). Out of this I got a *Men's Wear* cover for January 1973. Prudential Life Insurance called me for their brochure and a head shot of me has turned up on many billboards and in countless magazines. My face was becoming pretty well-known by this time and the modeling jobs were getting better. I did a Lord West Tuxedo commercial and I got to keep a beautiful new gray model. It looks terrific on me and it has flecks of black running through it. My call to do a *Modern Bride* triggered my biggest break to date. I ran into a friend who told me about the Colbert play. He thought I might be right for it so I phoned Stark immediately.

"In the meantime, I took a honeymoon trip for *Modern Bride* magazine. We landed at the new Tampa Airport, went to Santa Maria Island, on to Coral Gables and, finally, to Key West. I flew back and went right out to see Jerry Chodorov, the author and director of *A Community of Two*. He gave me a script and told me to come back to the Winter Garden Theatre on Friday. I'm lousy at readings so I decided to memorize the part. Well, wouldn't you know on Friday I got as far as the third line and went blank? The stage manager, Pat Tolson, gave me the next line. I went on, got to the fifth line and went blank again. He threw me the line and, a little later, I went blank again. I kept going blank until finally, in exasperation, he said, 'Here, take the script.' I said, 'No, I don't read well.' I felt terrible. I thought I should never have tried to memorize it. Jerry Chodorov told me to just relax and not be nervous. After a while Rose Lansbury (she's married to Angela's brother, I think) asked me to come back at one o'clock. I did and Claudette was there listening intently to my competition.

"There was a very good-looking guy there just before me who had also memorized my part. He didn't forget any of it and he did it beautifully. I thought to myself, *I'm a goner. It's useless. I'll never get it now.* But I launched into it anyway with a what-the-hell attitude. I couldn't believe it when I got a call back. *That* did it. *Now* I was really going to get that part. No kidding around. I canceled everything. All my appointments. I almost took the phone off the hook because I wasn't going *anywhere*. I was going to be Claudette Colbert's son. I had never



heard of her until my mother and father told me she was the hit of their generation. That was good enough for me. I figured, if I got this close, why blow it now? I went to bed early. I really needed the old shuteye to get in shape for my ordeal at the theatre the next day. When I walked onstage, Claudette came out of the orchestra, shook hands with me and said, 'I just wanted to see what my son looks like.' My knees almost buckled over that one. That night I got on the phone to my agent and nothing had been confirmed. For four nights I called and still nothing. I really sweated out that weekend and, first thing Monday morning, I was trembling in a phone booth. I was shaking with anticipation. I called Mr. Hazeltine and said, 'Stark, this is David. . . .'

" 'Yes, they want you.'

"I dropped the phone and started to cry. I couldn't believe it. Through a blur I found the receiver.

"Are you sure?"

" 'Yeah. Congratulations. It's six months on the road.' "

"Give us a rundown on the itinerary."

"Well, we previewed December 26, 27, 28 and 29th in Wilmington, Delaware. Then we opened New Year's Eve to mixed reviews. I became good friends with Tom Maloney there. He's only 31 years old and he's Wilmington's mayor. He threw an opening night party in his home and he invited me to another one before we left. I wound up drinking with him until five in the morning. Later, he looked me up in Washington when he came down for a mayors' meeting. He really made Wilmington fun for me."

"Tell me about the rest of your bookings."

"Next came Washington, Pittsburgh, Baltimore, Boston. In

Boston all the old ladies swamped me at the stage door for autographs. I had never signed my autograph for anyone and, even though the gals were ancient, they sure made me feel awfully good and important. Then came Philadelphia, Indianapolis and Los Angeles. After we close here, we go on to Phoenix, Arizona."

"I bet a lot of famous people have come to see Claudette."

"My parents are famous to me. They came twice and they love Claudette as much as I do. I really respect her and we're very close. I can talk to her about anything and she listens. And she gives me her frank opinion. Gregory Peck came. Mr. and Mrs. Jack Benny (Claudette and Jack's wife, Mary Livingston, are good friends), and Kitty Carlisle came in Washington."

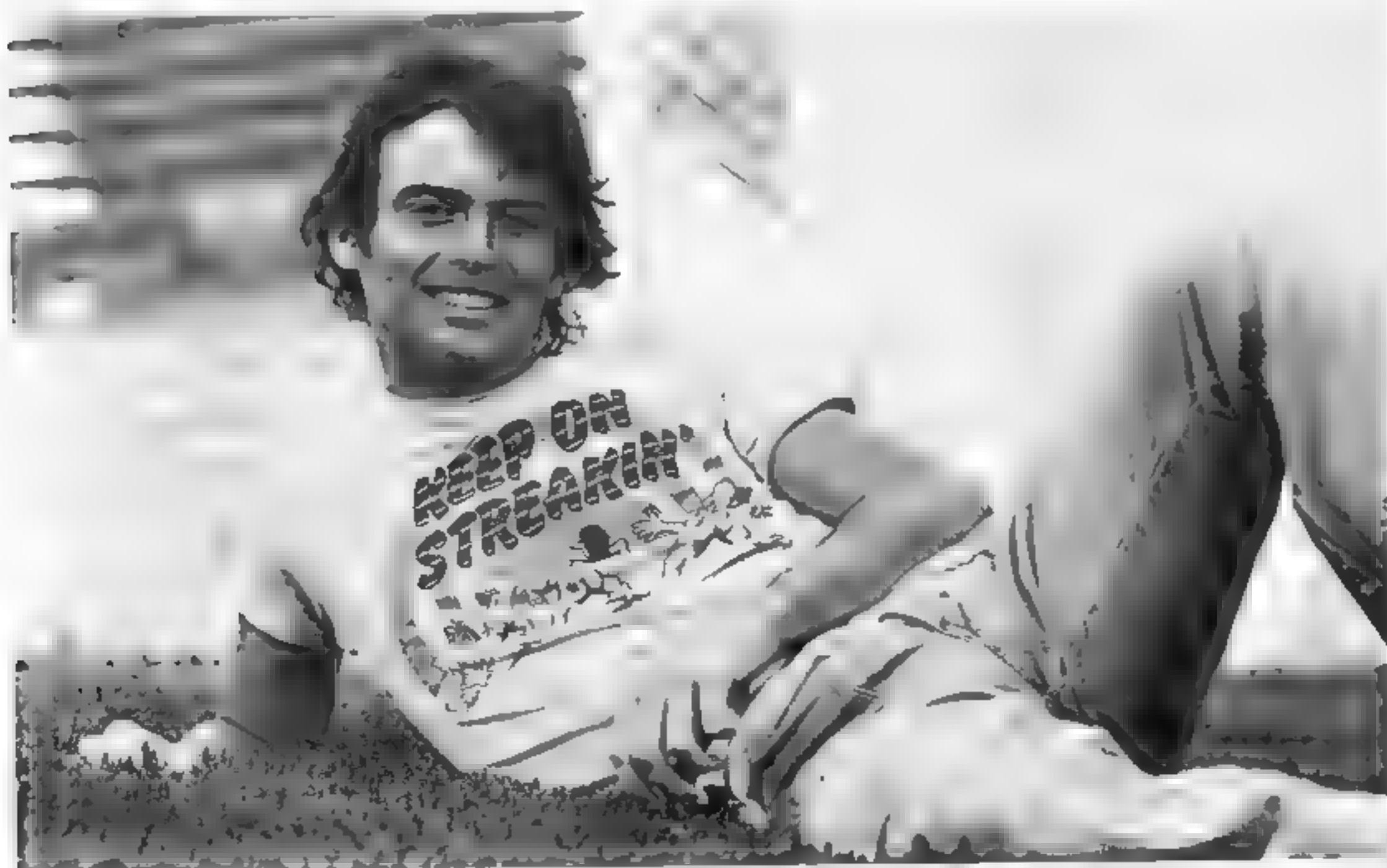
"Any changes in the show since you started?"

"Yeah. You know the scene where I get ready to leave, I'm supposed to strap on my sleeping bag? Well, one night I was tired so I surprised Mary Case (who plays my girlfriend, Terry, in the play) by strapping it on *her*. I thought Jerry Chodorov would have my hide but it got the biggest laugh in the show and he said, 'Leave it in.' "

"Is Tim anything like you in real life? Would you go to your mother for \$1,700 for a Porsche like you do in the play?"

"Tim is supposed to be 21. I'm three years older but we're both only children. If I went to my own mother she would say, 'See your father.' And if I went to him, he would say, 'Are you kidding? Get lost.' But it's a matter of principle with me anyway. I like getting things for myself. I've always worked as a kid, earning my own spending money. I had a paper route. I caddied. I never had an allowance. At one point I worked for a construction company."

"Would you play a gay role?"



"Sure, if I could do justice to it and if it were handled in good taste. If anyone offered me Michael Moriarty's role in the road company of *Find Your Way Home*, I'd jump at the chance."

"How about nudity?"

"I have no objection to it but nobody's suggested I take off my clothes yet."

I stifled the urge and ploughed blindly on

"What about David Winn and his personal hangups in life?"

"I'm a very private person. Before the curtain goes up on the play, I have to be all alone in my dressing room. I see no one. Not even members of the cast. I have to be by myself so I can think and get *into* the play and the part I'm playing. I like all sports . . . golf . . . I like to monkey around with a tennis racket. I dig baseball, basketball, football . . . horseback riding. A few years ago I was really into English riding lessons. You know posting and no pommel. I enjoy most foods . . . New York steaks, lobster, flounder, prime rib and spare ribs. I love all vegetables, particularly spinach, carrots, corn, green peas and beans. I style my own hair, use baby shampoo on it, and just let it blow in the wind. I prefer the natural look."

"What about stage and screen preferences?"

"I loved Anne Baxter in *Applause*. My nemesis, Robert Redford, was awfully good in *The Sting*. So was Al Pacino in *Serpico*. I would love to do a film with the feeling for truth this story had."

"I guess you know you're ripe for screen stardom?"

David Winn's monkey-brown eyes (his own description) crinkled.

"Warners wants to see me. Claudette is a friend of Dick Shepherd there and I'm going over Friday to talk to him."

"There's big money in pictures."

"Yeah. So I'm told. It would be a nice change from the \$500 a week they're paying me now."

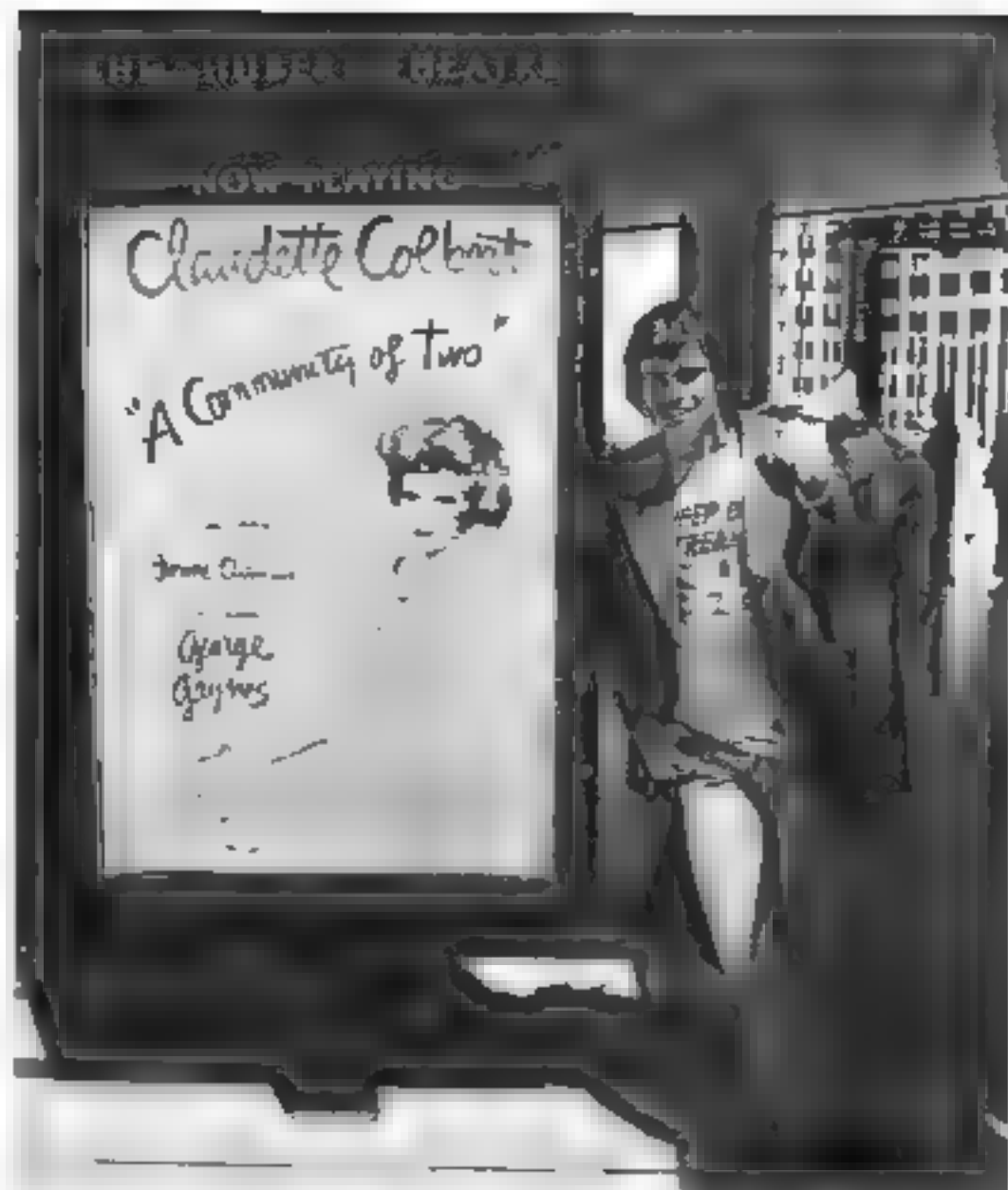
"Any pets?"

"The greatest mutt in the world is under personal contract to me. His name's Benjamin and I found him at the Miami Humane Society at the ripe old age of seven weeks. He had just arrived. Had only been there one day. You know, I felt like an agent going after an actor. He was the only one there with any real energy. Faster than hell. I really prefer mutts to thoroughbreds. He's part dachshund in his face. I haven't made up my mind yet as to what the rest of him is. He's got a light coat and long, sturdy legs and smart! I point my finger at him and go bang! bang! and he rolls over dead. And he's the greatest frisbee retriever in the business."

"How about some philosophy as regards your future?"

"I really enjoy this part. I enjoy the stage immensely. The more I work on it, the more I love it and I'm sure now that I have made the right decision. I'm a really happy guy in what I'm doing. It's the first time in my life I've found that I'm willing to give something *extra*. I wouldn't want to be doing anything else. I'm willing to give a hundred and twenty per cent. As a pro golfer, I found I didn't have the desire to give all it required. I've been fortunate enough to catch a break and I'm going to make the *most* of it. I don't want to play golf anymore."

If blazing beauty is a key to stardom, this guy had it made long ago. Moving from the putting green to the Green Room for David Winn, it seems to this reporter, has always been a foregone conclusion



by Frank Conner
photos by Bud McGinnis

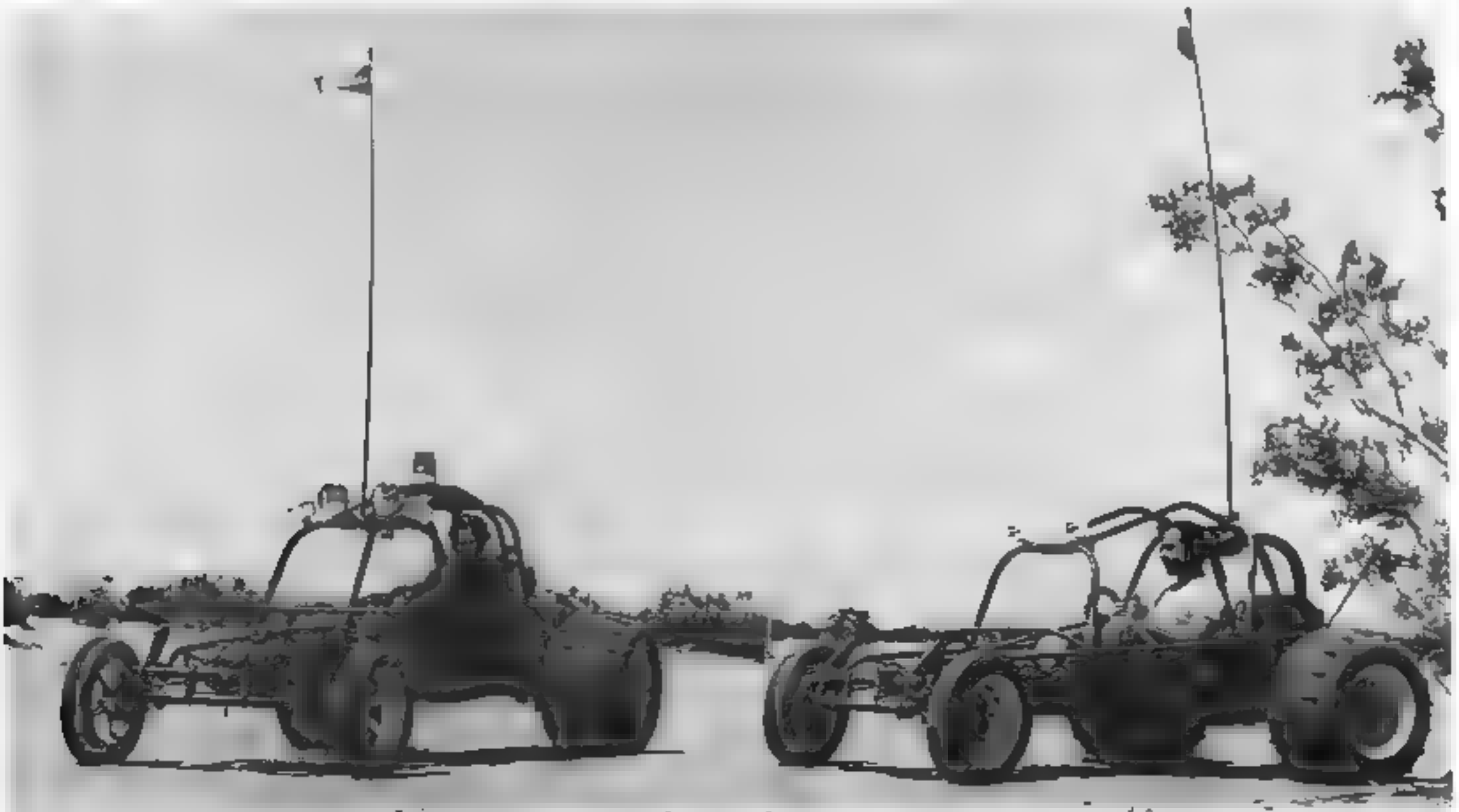


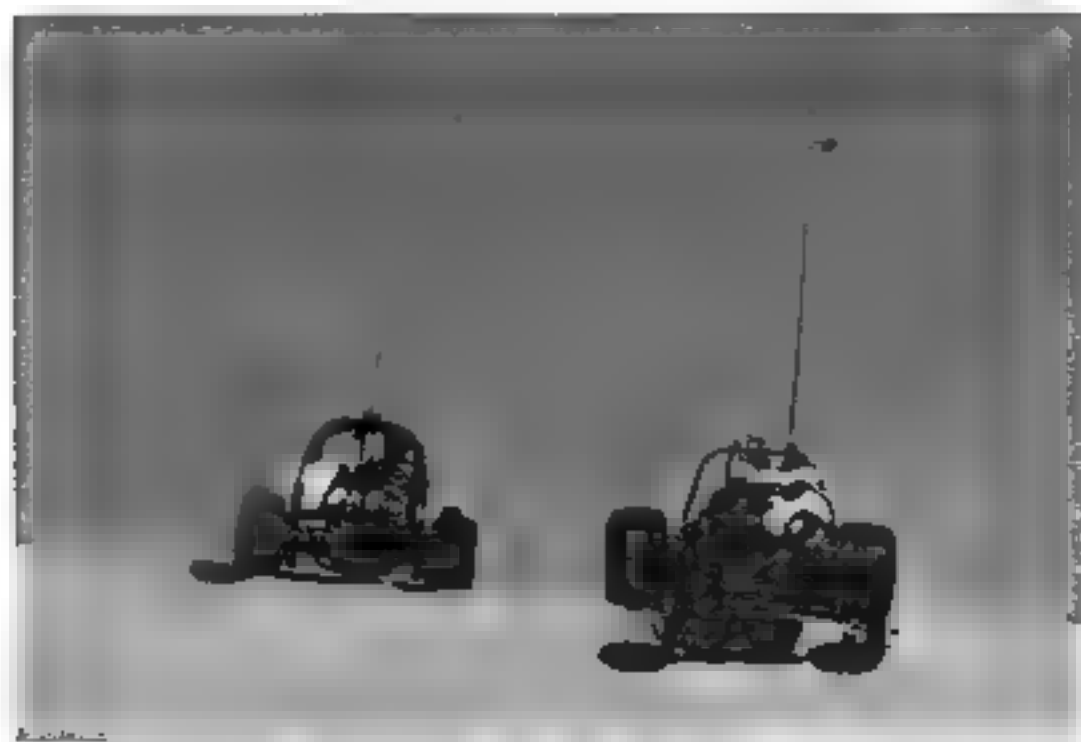
You can get hooked on them in any of several ways. One way "Me and my buddy were sittin' in the back end of a pickup truck on a terrible dirt road down in Mexico. I've seen goat trails that were better. The pickup was doin' maybe four miles per hour, bottomin' its springs every ten feet. I'll never know how we kept from spillin' our beer

"My buddy spotted a dust cloud way down the road behind us, catchin' up fast. It was movin' on. I said, 'Must be one of them new air-cushion vehicles, 'cause nothin' on wheels is gonna go that fast on this road.' In a few minutes it went wavin' by like it was on a freeway. But it had four wheels on it, and some kinda wild fiberglass body, and two guys inside. My buddy finished off his Carta Blanca, and scratched his head a while, and said, 'Whatever that thing was, we got to get us one. I'll never be happy goin' fishin' in a pickup agin.'

"We caught up with it down the road apiece, parked in front of a cantina. The owner was an ol' boy named Bruce Myers. He called it a 'dune buggy'. Next month I built me one. A year later

Bugging in The Dunes





I took it out to the sand dunes for the first time, and that's where I've been goin' ever since—'bout ten years now."

Another way to get hooked: you're having a drink in a quiet bar with an interesting stranger. You've been throwing out conversational hooks. He's been studying them intently, but so far he hasn't nibbled. Then he hands you a long speculative glance and says casually, "I know a really different way to spend a weekend."

"Oh? How?"

The following Saturday morning, you and he step out of his camper into utter desolation. In the distance a rugged mountain range hoists its peaks above the vast stretches of empty desert. A quarter of a mile from the camper are the dunes—hills of sand forever being erased and reshaped by the insatiable, perfectionist winds.

The dune buggy sits on its trailer behind the camper. Brutal simplicity with an 85" wheelbase. The vehicle has no body. It is simply a tubular frame on wheels, with an engine in back. You remember a photo of the Wright Brothers' first airplane.

The two of you roll the 900-pound buggy off its trailer, climb into the bucket seats, and latch the safety belts. You are committed.

He touches the starter button, and the Volkswagen engine explodes raucously into life, shattering the silence. The sound is mean, nasty; the exhaust pulses blasting from the megaphone



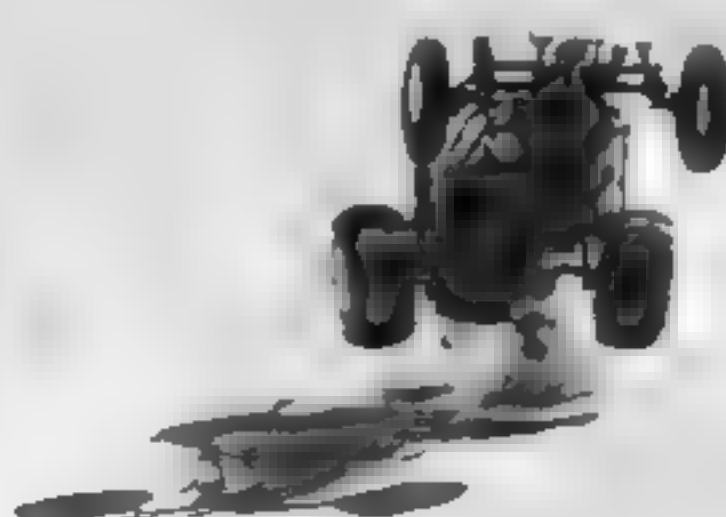
roughen your nerve endings.

He shifts into low, revs the engine, and eases out the clutch. As the buggy picks up speed you feel vulnerable—exposed. Almost without moving your head you can watch all four wheels turning. The front tires look like normal car tires, but the ones in back are monstrous drag slicks, perhaps 13.00 x 15s. Strips of rubber bolted to the slicks act as paddles in the sand.

He takes you on a tour of the trails near the camper. Even though he is driving slowly, you are sitting so close to the ground that you get the illusion of flying down the trails. The buggy takes the bumps with an unpredictable pitching motion. It has good suspension; an exotic torsion-bar setup in the rear winds up when the rear wheels lift. The tires themselves also act as suspension. They carry only four or five pounds of air. But neither the suspension nor the tires can completely smooth the wide variety of bumps and obstacles that a dune buggy meets, so you spend some time in the air.

Your early fears begin to evaporate.

He stops the buggy at the base of the dunes and begins to study them. "What we'll do next is reconnoiter. We'll drive up the sides of some dunes, and follow the crests, and see what they look like on the other side. You just never know until you've looked. You can go sailing up the side of a nice gentle dune and jump the crest and find yourself looking at a hundred-foot dropoff, straight down. That's embarrassing. So we'll look





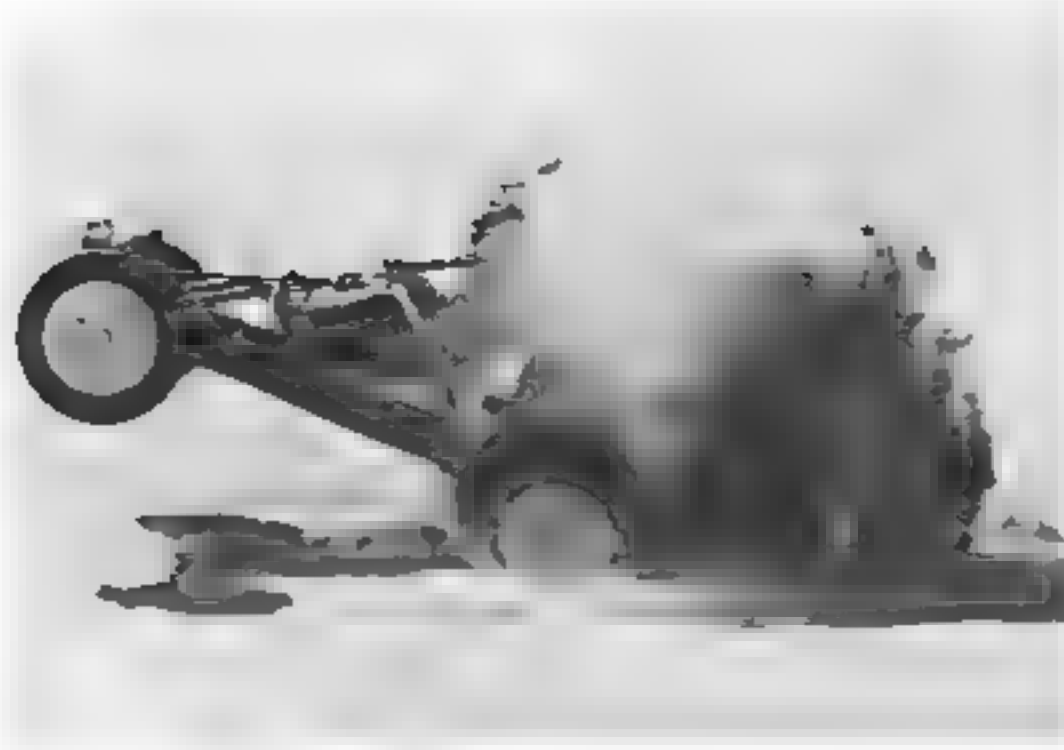
before we leap."

He drives off into the rolling hills of loose, deep sand, heading toward a reasonably flat plateau. The dune buggy paddles happily along in its chosen element. It feels light, buoyant. You grow confident that it won't sink out of sight when you come to a stop. In steering, the bug responds a bit slower than it did on hard ground, but not sloppily or hesitantly.

Your companion slouches over his tiny steering wheel, flicking the front tires to one side or the other with small movements of his wrists. You watch the fluid patterns of sand thrown by those tires. As the tire changes direction, the pattern shifts gracefully: the effect is almost hypnotic. But not quite, individual grains are stinging your forehead, and you are grateful for the goggles you're wearing.

Now you are on the plateau. He cuts the wheel to the left, guns the engine, and throws the bug into a curving arc. He tightens the curve. The maneuver should be scary, but the vehicle seems to have a firm grip on the sand. Another stanchion of fear melts away, and you begin to relax in your seat. Above the roar of the engine he shouts, "You *can* roll one of these things, but you really have to work at it!"

Now he points the bug at the nearest dune and guns the engine. The dune seems to grow steeper as you hurtle toward its face. The buggy tilts upward like a fighter plane thrown into a climb. Still accelerating, the vehicle charges up the incline. Then the driver takes his foot off the gas. Momentum carries you almost to the crest. He downshifts and cuts to the right, paralleling the edge. You look down—way down. It is a vertical cliff. He



says, "We'll stay away from that one."

He drives down off the dune and attacks another one. The buggy goes into its climb. At the crest, the reverse slope of this dune seems almost as steep as the last one. But he studies it and says, "This one's okay—no problem." He cuts the wheel to the left, and guns the engine, cutting across the crest. You brace yourself, wondering what happens to the people aboard when a dune buggy does endos. The nose of the bug drops away like the car on a roller coaster, and you are looking out into space. The buggy tears down the dropoff. At the bottom you realize that the vehicle didn't act as if it wanted to flip.

Up and down the dunes. At times you glance back to see the giant roostertails of sand thrown by the paddles on the rear tires. Spectacular though they be, those roostertails are insignificant when compared with the effortless changes wrought by the winds.

Now the sun rides higher in the sky, baking the sand. Your companion is satisfied with his explorations, and he steps up the pace. He aims the bug at a dune you have already crossed once, but this time he does not let up off the gas. You race toward the crest, and then you're flying through the air! WHUMP! You land as if on heavy pillows, a third of the way down the reverse slope, and go rocketing down off the dune.

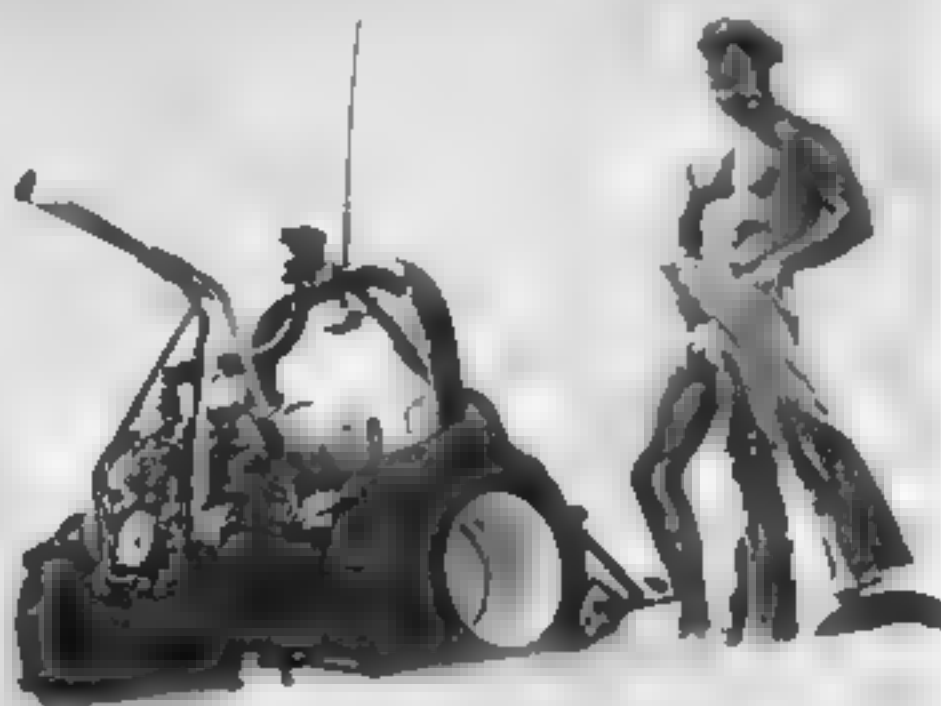
Up and down the dunes, ever faster. As you fling and hang—momentarily suspended on the complex curves of shaped sand—you lose all perspective. Everything is the same color, and the hard light from the overhead sun melts the outlines of the terrain. What seemed a flat stretch of sand suddenly becomes hills





There are inland sand dunes scattered around the United States—unloved and unvisited by the general public. These isolated wastelands are located in such states as California, Washington, Oregon, Nevada, Texas, Indiana, Illinois, and Florida. Many, many people live within weekend distance of the dunes, but generally those sand hills attract a particular personality type. Usually he is an outdoorsman. Perhaps he was a backpacker, before backpacking became The Thing To Do. Or a motorcyclist who roamed the wilderness. Or a rockhound, or a fisherman who shunned the accessible spots. Often he is the kind of person who has mastered the art of understatement delivered over a can of beer. He is far more interested in your character as a person than in your list of accomplishments or your conversational footwork, with a few mild glances he dissects your soul. He is stereotyped—with derision or with praise—as the Good Ol' Boy.

Although bug owners sometimes make solo trips to the dunes, usually they go in groups. For the people who lead well-ordered lives, there are dune-buggy clubs, with rules. The free-



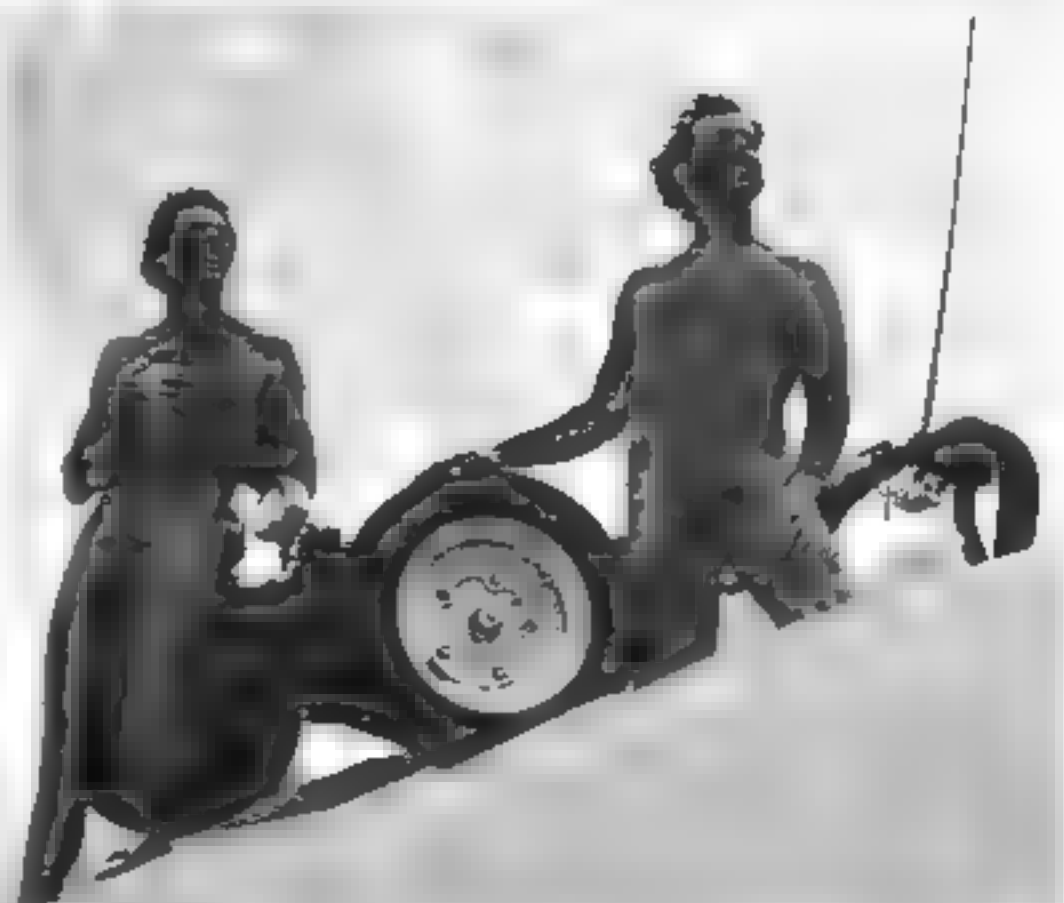
and valleys. At times you forget which way is up and which way is down, like a skydiver coming out of a flat spin or a scuba diver with narcosis. You perceive only motion.

Then your companion spies a bowl—a valley among the dunes shaped like an upside-down cone.

He whips down into the bottom of the bowl, and then begins to circle its sides, accelerating to climb higher up the walls. Now the bug seems to be flying, banked in a steep turn. Gravity and speed—mortal enemies—are balanced in a delicate standoff. On this borderline geometry plays tricks as curves flatten beneath the bug, and centrifugal force plasters you into the bucket seat. You lose all sense of time.

At last—reluctantly—the driver flicks the steering wheel, sending the bug down to the bottom of the basin and straight up the other side. Tired, dizzy, sweaty, you head back toward the camper where the cold beer awaits.

Later in the day your friend offers to let you drive a while. You sense that if you say yes, you'll be firmly hooked on bug-gin' in the sand.





thinker simply calls up a couple of friends. Then if somebody rolls or flips his bug—or it breaks down—help is at hand.

By far the best way to get into sand buggin' is through friendship with a veteran of the sport. The alternative is to start reading magazines such as *Hot VWs* and *Dune Buggies*, and taking it from there.

If you wish to build your own sand bug, there are two ways to go about it. The first way is to buy a used VW (at present you can get a '61 model for around \$300), strip off the unnecessary parts (such as the body), shorten the frame, and add a roll bar. If you shop around for the parts you need, you can get a bug assembled for about \$500. But it won't be street-legal, so you'll also need a trailer to get it to the dunes.

The other way is to assemble a VW engine into a special tu-

bular frame with built-in roll cage. You'll probably want to add a transaxle and torsion-bar suspension. You can build that kind of bug—with special steering, controls, shifter, bucket seats, tires, fuel tank, and quartz-iodide lights, for about \$1000. You can also spend two or three times that amount if you want to.

The finished sand bug usually has a wheelbase between 70" and 95" long. The vehicle generally weighs between 800 and 1200 pounds. (Recently we discovered that the big drag-slicks will float the lighter sand bugs. We discovered that by running one machine into a twelve-foot-deep canal.) The average bug, with stock VW engine, will top out at about 80 mph, although 50 on the dunes is blindingly fast, and in places 35 mph can be far from boring.

As with other forms of off-road activity, the future of sand



buggin' is unclear. The BLM (Bureau of Land Management) has closed some of the dunes and restricted others. The sand-buggin' people feel bitter about that: "If a bunch of people went campin' out in the middle of those dunes every weekend, I can see how all the racket we make would disturb 'em. But not very many people get their jollies wading around waist-deep in sand. In fact, I've never met anybody plowin' around in those dunes afoot.

"If we were squashin' plants and trees, the environmentalists might have reason to worry. But nothin' wants to grow in the dunes. That's one of the reasons I enjoy tearin' around 'em so much

"If we were erodin' the land, that'd be a Bad Thing. But how in the hell do you erode a sand dune, when the wind is busy

movin' it from here to yonder on a full-time schedule anyhow?"

Dune buggies are a heavy trip. To some people they are inane things—machismo translated into metal. But the sand dunes work a powerful magic upon other people, for the dunes are the very essence of the desert. Beneath a harsh sun (or perhaps a huge dimensioned moon in a sky crowded with stars), the dunes hum a mystical song that enraptures many people. The sand bug—somewhere in evolution between the automobile and the airplane—generates a powerful fascination for the people who seek adventure and beauty from speed and shifting perspectives and the compound curves of flight.

If you meet an interesting stranger in a quiet bar, and he says, "I know a really different way to spend a weekend," think about it. . . .



community leader

by Allan Leopold
photography by Hy Chase

STEPHEN PAPICH

THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT

When I walked into Stephen Papich's elegantly appointed King's Road apartment, he was talking on the phone. He's *always* talking on the phone. This dapper, utterly charming, grey-haired, still-youthful impresario was attired in a form-hugging, grey flannel, Pierre Cardin suit, a gift from Josephine Baker.

"Do you mind if we talk en route to the Music Center? I'm negotiating a new concert."

We climbed into his sleek maroon Mark III Continental and swung out into the boulevard.

"I was born May 22, 1925, in the Midwest, St. David, Illinois, to be exact. St. David had a total population of 700 people and a little red schoolhouse with a paddle in the cloakroom, outhouses with corncocks, typically small-town America, the milieu Meredith Wilson writes about all the time. I had one brother, Daniel, who died three years ago. I used to go to the neighborhood movie house and moon over Betty Grable and Carmen Miranda never dreaming that one day I would stage virtually every big musical number at their studio, 20th Century-Fox. I went to high school in Canton, Illinois, and fantasized about becoming a dancer. To me this was the most exciting prospect life could offer. I eventually met most of the great dancers and, five years ago, a playboy friend of mine, John Binder,

and I flew his private plane above Ruth St. Denis' Forest Lawn funeral. We buzzed the chapel and threw flowers from the plane. When the war came, I joined the navy and, one furlough, I sought out Katherine Dunham to tell her how much I admired her. She had many whites in her company and I was hoping she might find a place for me. Her stage manager at the time was Dale Wasserman (who later gained fame as the author of the musical, *Man of La Mancha*). He introduced me to Miss Dunham who was overwhelmed by my youthful high spirits. She said

"Anyone who has as much enthusiasm as you do should have one of our scholarships."

"In Paris I met Josephine Baker for the first time. She was living in a fabulous townhouse which Herman Goering subsequently appropriated but which she, eventually, got back. It was absolutely pure French Art Deco, 1932. I was to become her close friend and to ultimately guide and direct her fantastic career

"In 1945 I was discharged and, straight as an arrow, I trekked to Katherine Dunham's studio at 220 West 43rd St., the old George White Theatre. She remembered me and kept her word, inviting me to join her company. I worked my ass off for two years and in 1947 I went along on the first South American tour Sol Hurok booked for her. For

three years I danced under her auspices and then accepted her invitation to house guest at her lovely plantation, LeClerc, named after Napoleon Bonaparte's sister, in Haiti. For a year and a half I languished there doing nothing but soaking up the sun. When it all began to pall on me, I booked myself a drawing room on the 20th Century Ltd. SuperChief (nobody travels by train anymore). In the club car I ran into a gentleman who asked me about my background. When I told him I was a dancer, he became interested. He identified himself as Frank Ross, the producer, and told me he was about to film *The Robe*. He might be able to find a spot for me as choreographer because the Biblical dances he envisioned were drum-motivated rhythms, quite close to the sort of thing I was doing with Miss Dunham. Later on, in Ensenada, Mexico, I met George Light who clinched my future at Fox for me. He suggested:

"Come on over to the studio. We can get you into the guilds as your New York dance background seems ideal for us."

"When I took him up on his offer I was told to report to the *Stars and Stripes Forever* set, a picture about the life and times of John Philip Sousa. Jack Cole was the head choreographer and he was hiring assistants. I subsequently learned he never used anybody who was recommended to him. This was only

one of his peculiarities. I introduced myself and he didn't take to me at all. It was a case of dislike at sight, you might say. He thought I was a terrible dancer. His assistant, Gwen Verdon, relayed this information to me. I informed her that I didn't care much for *his* dancing either and, besides, I thought he was fat. She went back to Jack and told him this and, if looks could kill, I'd be dead this minute. But fate plays strange tricks, indeed, for Mr. Cole staged a routine Darryl Zanuck didn't care for and he was replaced with Nick Castle. I returned to the set to try my luck again and, this time, Mr. Castle selected me to choreograph two numbers for Debra Paget. They were kind of fun things and, on the basis of them, Famous Artists signed me to a contract. Lady Luck continued to smile for, at this point, Frank Ross remembered me and asked me to do his *Save Market ballet*. This led to *Demetrius and the Gladiators* and, before I knew what was happening, I was regarded by Hollywood as a 'hot property'. I was also known as a 'panic' which, in simple Hollywoodese, is a guy under studio contract who, when the studio is in a jam, is used for all emergencies. I was promptly transferred to MGM under a twelve-week contract to help on *Seven Brides for Seven Brothers*. Michael Kidd, also known as His Eminence, was in charge and I was duly informed by one of his hirelings.

"I'm sorry. Mr. Kidd doesn't like you. You are, therefore, canned."

"Darryl Zanuck decided to give me a chance, even if Michael Kidd didn't want to. He tossed me the script of *The Egyptian* which he was producing for his at-the-time girlfriend, Bella Darvi. Much has been written against Bella but I liked her. *Rains of Ranchipur* with Richard Burton and Lana Turner followed. I was hired to move masses of people fleeing the earthquake and flood. Then I served as assistant to the brilliant Robert Alton on *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* and Marilyn Monroe came into my life. She didn't know how to walk properly. That famous wobble of hers hadn't been perfected as yet. She entered my office displaying a timid charm that ultimately entranced all who came to know her. She opened the door, her arms filled with coffee containers, and blurted: 'I guess we're going to work together. I hope you take cream and sugar.'

"I came to know her well and to really like her. She was a little waif at heart, desperately needing attention. Her personal life was tragic from the very beginning, much like her counterpart, Jean Harlow, and I'm going to relate a story to you now that has never been revealed about Marilyn Monroe before

"One day she came on the set, her eye swollen out to here. It looked really hideous and it was all part of her syndrome. In the beginning, she was a Hollywood sex goddess who never got balled so she gave into an urge with a nobody who pumped gas at a station near the lot. When they got into bed together she felt obliged to crow a little and she bragged

"I guess I should tell you who I am. I'm Marilyn Monroe."

"Whereupon this idiot wheeled on her in a rage. 'You fuckin' cheap cunt. Don't try imitating famous people with me!' And he beat the shit out of her

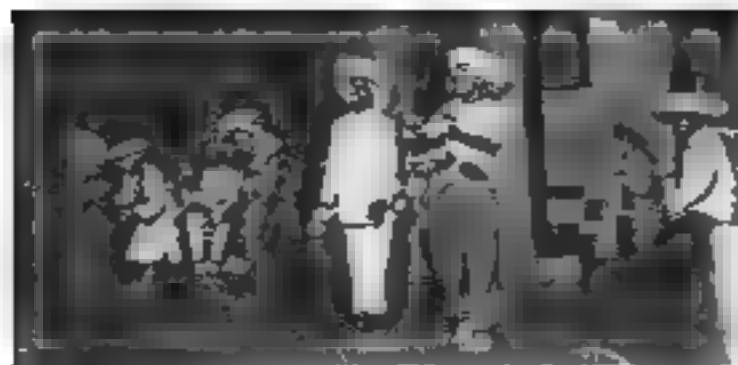
"Few people knew the sweet side of Marilyn and this episode reveals it. The late Walton Walker, the gay Hedda Hopper of Hollywood and a marvelous movie dancer (a real Franklin Pangborn type who knew every star), told Marilyn on the set of *No Business Like Show Business*: 'We are all going to a really great party but if we have to do four more shots on your picture, we'll never make it.'

"Marilyn went right to her dressing room, got conveniently ill, and they closed down the film for the day. She peeked out of her dressing room door and waved: 'Good night, boys. Have fun!' A really sweet gesture.

"Some very funny things happened on that picture. I was serving as Bob Alton's assistant, and at the same time I was staging an elaborate ball scene in the Palace of Versailles for the Marlon Brando-Jean Simmons story of Napoleon Bonaparte, *Desiree*, on an adjoining sound stage. One day Bob walked on my set and asked what the fuck my high scaffolding parallel was. I bragged: 'Oh,

FROM TOP: HISTORY. At age 1, Stephen was already a star (brother at left). Stephen at 17 and enjoying his career as a sailor. In the late '40s Stephen vacationed with others of the Katherine Dunham troupe at her estate in Haiti. In 1953 Stephen went to Hollywood to help make *Filma*. Here he makes a point during a script conference.





FROM TOP: CHOREOGRAPHER. One of the dance numbers which Mr. Papich choreographed for Katherine Dunham. The dance sequence from *The Robe* which was staged by Stephen Papich. With Carmen DeLavallade, Stephen works on the dances for *The Egyptian*. Tyrone Power dances to the steps of Stephen Papich in *Untamed*.

that's for my famous Lubitsch shot'

"Bob simply couldn't bear to think I was doing some Oneupsmanship on him. He strode off my set and immediately called the production office. He demanded: 'I want a very high scaffolding for my shot on Donald O'Connor, Mitzi Gaynor and Ethel Merman.'

"The bewildered production office asked: 'What kind of a high parafel do you want?'

"To which Bob blithely replied. 'I don't care what kind it is as long as it's higher than the one Mr. Papich is using.'

"Well, the upshot of the whole contretemps was that they came over and built it at enormous expense to the studio and Bob never used it. He never had any intention of using it. It was all a big joke with him anyway and his way of getting even with me.

"Speaking of Ethel Merman, a really hilarious situation developed between her and Loretta Young one day. Loretta had a habit of coming on other people's sets with her famous 'Curse Box'. If she caught you swearing, she insisted you contribute to the box by way of penalty. She simply couldn't abide foul language of any sort and she was a regular Carrie Nation about her crusade. Well, Ethel was about to do the 'Midnight Choo-Choo' number and she was shoe-horning herself, with the aid of the costume woman, into a really tight, ill-fitting and overly elaborate gown. She let fly with: 'Oh shit, this damn thing's too tight!'

"Whereupon Loretta bore down upon her shaking the can and exclaiming: 'Now, Ethel, you *know* about my rules. Put something in.' And she held out her hand for a contribution.

"Ethel, never one to mince words, was ready for her: 'Oh honey, how much would it cost me to tell you to go fuck yourself?'

"Needless to say, Loretta fled.

"My next picture was a loan-out to Warners for *The Silver Chalice* and I really felt I had made the big time. Warners sent a black limousine for me and treated me like royalty. I drove regally onto the lot and went immediately into a production meeting for what I supposed was merely a presentation of ideas. I decided to make a grand impression and be really expansive. So I let my imagination take flight. I talked about Nero's Banquet Hall and the monochro-

matic colors in greys, blacks and whites. I wanted Nero entering in slashing red with acrobats shooting up out of the floor and doing a dance before the arrival of the food. I wanted fifty musclemen to bring on enormous trays of golden food. (I personally selected these musclemen myself from Santa Monica's famed Muscle Beach and was paid for the chore!) Since the food had to be edible, a golden powder was finally located in Chinatown that, when painted on food, could still be eaten without any ill effects. All these requests, of course, were just ideas that I firmly believed would be shot down later on or at least made subliminal. Imagine my surprise a few weeks later when I passed Stage 8 on the lot and noticed the floor had been torn out, jackhammers were busy, caterpillar tractors were humming away ... the whole bit.

"Well, it was faint time. However, there comes a time when you zip on your balls and you pull it all off. I simply applied my most distinguished expression and got clean away with all of it.

"After *Chalice* I returned to Fox for an unending round of pictures with all the roster of players they had under contract at the time: *Unchained* with Susan Hayward and Ty Power; *Titanic* with Edmund Purdom, *King of the Khyber Rifles* with Michael Rennie, *The President's Lady* with Susan again and Charlton Heston and *The Seven Year Itch* with Monroe. I staged that scene on the sidewalks of New York where Marilyn's skirt is blown up over a sewer lid and it turned out to be the single most famous scene ever directed for any picture ever made anywhere in the world. This brought me so much attention that in the summer of that year I was asked to stage the first of many Hollywood Bowl musical nights. Darius Milhaud's opera, *King David*, started me off. When I first received the music, I didn't understand a note of it. I hired the Los Angeles Philharmonic concert pianist, Shibley Boyd, to play it for me. When she did, I was sure she was making mistakes. It sounded so strange. I fired her and engaged Natalie LeMonique. When she played it the same way, I decided to stage it by using numbers for the bars. At the dress rehearsal the conductor and I ended miraculously at exactly the same time and I couldn't believe my

good fortune. It was quite an experience, staging music totally foreign to your nature. It is musicians' music. They adore playing it and highly sophisticated music patrons love it too. And, most remarkable of all, it got fabulous notices and Mr. Mihaud rose right out of his wheelchair and hugged me.

"I returned to Fox to do my last musical there, *South Pacific*, and then it was all over for me. Times were changing and Hollywood had no use for big musicals anymore. Furthermore, they could ill afford them. The industry was running down. They weren't making the kind of things I was best at.

"I was asked back to the Bowl and, logically enough, I was merely transplanting my movie staging without the benefit of cameras. I introduced Harve Presnell and I had a great success with Mary Costa and my Viennese Night. I was fired for engaging her as they thought I was an idiot for bringing in a non-name for such an illustrious event. There was little or no box office and I was, quite frankly, worried. But the July evening turned out to be excessively balmy and people started arriving in droves. Soon the performance was entirely sold out and they had to introduce cars with loudspeakers on Highland announcing there were no more seats available. When this happened, they rehired me on the spot. When Mary peeked out through the curtain and saw her vast audience, her heart turned over and I had to literally shove her onstage. But from the moment she sang 'I'm in Love With Vienna', backed up by twenty-four Hussars in full uniform, the house rose to its feet and gave her a standing ovation. The effect was truly spectacular that evening for I had introduced colored gels for the first time to the Bowl. Prior to that, they had always used only white lights, which were far less flattering to the performers. I was the first to introduce rock and I presented *The Doors* there. Jim Morrison asked me if he could shake his dick at the audience and I quickly squelched that with, 'No, you asshole.'

"But later on at the Shrine he did. He jacked off at the audience and was deservedly arrested for it.

"One thing I've learned. You can never direct a star you are in awe of. So I never let mine get away with anything. I always tried to be in control.

"I subsequently presented Patricia Morison in a *Gay Nineties Night* at the Bowl. I did a dozen shows with her and she is the most cooperative actress I've ever worked with. The show was a smash and the first of many I did with other stars: *Disney Night*, *Family Night*, *Fiesta Night*, *Big Bands Night* and *Roaring Twenties Night*.

"Flush with my Bowl success, I decided to bring Katherine Dunham back to this country. I called the show *Bamboche* and I backed her up with the Moulay Hassan Dancers from the Royal Moroccan Palace. The show was capitalized at \$200,000 and I opened it at the Huntington Hartford here and then took it on to New York. The notices were simply smashing but we didn't do a dime's worth of business. Here was a classic example of a show years ahead of its time. However, I thought it was the most culturally rewarding thing I had ever done. If I had it to do over, knowing I would lose the money, I would do it. It was the best \$200,000 I had ever spent and no one could duplicate it then or now.

"I returned to the Bowl a sadder and wiser man and did *The Merry Widow*, an old warhorse that was cheered to the rafters and, once again, Pat Morrison was perfectly enchanting.

"I decided to buy a house high in the Hollywood Hills on Bryn Mawr Drive. One of my first guests was Mae West whom you interviewed for the April issue. I had a lovely cook at the time and I remember Mae calling and wanting to know what was on the menu. My cook couldn't get over it. I told Mae we were beginning with cold vichyssoise. Mae said: 'If you don't mind, I think I'll have it hot.'

"Such a funny conversation but no funnier than the house itself. It was a big Spanish house said to be haunted by the ghost of film director Preston Sturges who had lived in it. At various times after his death he was reportedly seen in the marble entrance hall walking

FROM TOP PERFORMER. Stephen Papich rehearses with the Dunham Company. With his first wife, Dee Dee Wood, Stephen rehearses a dance routine. High-kicking and in blackface, Stephen danced and choreographed the cakewalk in *Stars and Stripes Forever*. As a waiter, Mr. Papich serves Jane Russell in *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* for which he was also Dance Director





FROM TOP: AT THE HOLLYWOOD BOWL Stephen recalls staging the *Gay 90's Night*. Robert Armbruster, conductor; Mr. Papich; Ross Hastings, orchestrator; and David Bowick, choral director, makes plans for the festive evening. Patricia Morison was the star of the occasion. Irene Sharnoff did the costumes for the Floradora Sextet.

slowly up the steps. One woman who had owned the house encountered his wraith in her bedroom and ran screaming from the place. She never went back. A Portuguese Countess, Maria Danielson, lived with the hauntings but warned me about them. And I did have a very eerie experience once. My piano began to play all by itself. As I started to walk toward the empty living room, it suddenly stopped and all the hairs stood straight up on my neck. My cat went into shock. Perhaps Preston was still up to his old practical jokes for, that evening at dinner, Mae without apparent cause, spilled all of her food onto my priceless Aubusson carpet. I pooh-poohed it but Mae was mortified. She called me the next day and said she wanted to give me a Christmas present. I said: 'Mae, do you always give Christmas presents in July?'

"But she insisted on the gift and I never look a gift horse in the mouth. It turned out to be one of the most staggering presents I have ever received—a sumptuous, hand-carved, dining-room suite that she had stored for years at Bekins. The sideboards were of three-inch-thick marble and the chairs were lushly upholstered in rich blue velvet. The dining table could easily seat a dozen people and you couldn't get another Cupid, leaf or flower on it. It weighed a ton, it took four people to carry it and I had to take the front door off to get it in the house."

During the course of our conversation, Mr. Papich and I had visited the Music Center, had lunch there and started back on Beverly Boulevard. A handsome, shiny black Rolls pulled alongside our car, and a lovely blond lady rolled down her window.

"Hello, Miss Rona."

"I've been good to you lately, haven't I?"

"You bet! I did \$91,000 on Josephine Baker and \$21,000 on Charles Pierce."

As she drove on, I noticed her license plate bore MS RONA.

"Rona Barrett is my next-door neighbor in Palm Springs. She prints most of the items I give her and plugs me on her television show. We're very good friends. She's worked for twenty years to be an overnight star. She comes to all of my parties and I go to all of hers."

We pulled into the driveway and as-

cended in the elevator to Stephen's apartment.

"Would you care for some scented tea?"

"I would love some."

Stephen served the tea in absolutely gorgeous ceramic cups with a stunning teapot. My eyes lit up and he noticed this and smiled.

"That's Robert Wood's 1972 Christmas present to me. He made the whole set himself."

The long-haired, 21-year-old idly turned the page of a magazine from the other side of the room and thanked me warmly as I paid him a high compliment on his artistry.

"About this point in our chronology, I directed Josephine Baker in her revue at the Huntington Hartford Theatre. She was a smash but there was a tragic aftermath. We continued on to Montreal, Canada, and, while we were there, we learned that her business manager, Mr. Bill Taub, had stolen all the receipts from the Hartford box office. Moreover, he gave out a statement that Josephine and I had taken his costumes. We were tossed into the pokey for twenty-five minutes. We knew we were going to be bailed out because it was the first time in the long history of the Canadian penal system that a man and a woman were put in the same cell together.

"When I returned to California, I received a curious telephone call from Patricia Morison in New York. She had just seen the opening of *Hello Dolly!* and she was justifiably upset over it. 'You can't believe what I just saw! Our number from the *Gay Nineties Night* at the Hollywood Bowl has just been lifted intact by Gower Champion for *Hello Dolly!* It's the only thing in the show that's any good and it makes the whole thing! It's an exact steal from us except Gower has turned the men at the foot of the staircase into waiters.'

"I consulted my attorneys only to learn that dance routines have no protection under the law.

"Sometime later, I was in Mexico directing Sylvia Pinal on TV. She decided she wanted Zsa Zsa Gabor so I phoned her and she flew down. She is an absolutely astounding woman in many ways and I can give you many examples. For instance, a few weeks later, the Johnsons invited her to the White House for tea. She called and invited me and they

took us on a lavish tour even to the President's steam room. Zsa Zsa grew impatient.

"'Vere is de President and Ladybird?'

"The best-looking marine in the world came up and said 'M'am, the President and Mrs. Johnson's calendar is running late. Tea will be served in a half hour in private quarters for you and the President and Mrs. Johnson.'

"'Oh dollink, tenk you very much but I can't possibly wait. I'm hevink a d'vine party of my own. If dey're not donk anytink, tell dem to come on over, I'm at de Shoreham.

"Zsa Zsa picked up her sable and headed for the Oval Ambassador's entrance. Just as we were passing the East Room, pell-mell down the stairs came Ladybird running, shouting: 'Zsa Zsa!'

"Zsa Zsa turned and said: 'Ladybird, do ink [which we were cautioned *never* to call her], I'm sorry I can't wait but I'll call you bot de next time I'm in town.'

"'Oh Zsa Zsa, please come now'

"So we went. And pretty soon Lyndon Baines came in. Zsa Zsa said 'Oh Mister President, I have a present for you.'

"Lyndon: 'Why, Zsa Zsa, what kind of a gift do you want to give little old me?'

"'I haf some beautiful fabric at home I've brought from Eng and. So you can recover dese two sofas in front off your fireplace.'

"Mr. Ketchum, the White House curator, said: 'I'm sorry, Miss Gabor, but that is a gift the White House cannot accept because we only use materials that have been manufactured in America.'

"Quick as a wink, Zsa Zsa replied 'In dot case, dollink, you vill haf to take de drapes down dat are in the East Room because dey are obviously Scaf-mandre silk dat vere woven in France. Now, von't you?'

"Ketchum was nonplussed. 'You are absolutely right. That is the one thing that Mrs. Kennedy insisted upon having.'

"Lyndon: 'What *else* do you want to give me?'

"'Vun of my dog's puppies.

"And he took it and it's still at his ranch in Texas. Probably with pulled, elongated ears, I'll wager

"I went back to the Hollywood Bowl and did a repeat of my Gay Nineties Night, this time with Betty Hutton. I said: 'Betty, you'll make your entrance stage right.'

"She said: 'No, I'll come in stage left.'

"Okay," I replied, "but the spotlight is going to be stage right.

"She thought for a moment and came in stage right.

"I am saddened to learn that she is now working as a cook in a Catholic school somewhere in the East

"About this time I was asked to stage various state pageants: The California Story, The Oregon Story and The Kansas Story. Again, the vast spectacles of film without the cameras rolling. These Centennials employed 2,000 amateurs in each.

"Following these shows, I received a New York phone call from Mr. Arch Rob of NBC. He asked me to direct the Long Beach Beauty Pageant, another *kind* of pageant.

"'We thought you were the only one to stage a beauty pageant the way it *should* be staged.' I accepted the challenge for the years 1964, 1965, 1966 and 1967 at the best money I have ever received. I was paid by NBC, KTTV, the Port of Long Beach and the City of Long Beach and the County of Los Angeles. I don't know of any producer or director who has been ever paid by five important organizations for the same job. These pageants proved to be spectacularly successful.

"Now I felt I had earned a vacation. So I boarded a ship and my *real* cruising days began. I went all through the South Pacific. I left the cruise in Perth, Western Australia, and flew to Paris to meet Josephine Baker. She wanted me to direct her European comeback which we called the 'Olympia Music Hall Revue'. The audience gave her the best opening night of her career and she ran for two sensational years! At 45, I decided the time had come for me to retire. Hollywood had been very good to me. I bought a splendid spread in Palm Springs. In May of last year I was lounging around the pool when something thudded to the ground at my elbow. I looked up into the face of a Hollywood friend I had invited down for the weekend.

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FROM TOP, IMPRESARIO. In 1973, Mr. Papich brought Josephine Baker back to the United States for a triumphant appearance. Stephen stands in front of the Dorothy Chandler planning another spectacular. With Charles Pierce (left) and Sally Rand, Mr. Papich shared a very happy evening after the SRO performance at the Chandler.



ABOVE: English secret agent Michael Caine rescues his kidnapped son in the climatic moments of *The Black Windmill* (Universal). ABOVE CENTER: Gene Kelly and Cyd Charisse in the American in Paris Ballet which provides the finale to *That's Entertainment* (MGM). ABOVE RIGHT: In *Crazy*, Jack Palance tightens his physical grip on his roommate while losing his mental grip himself (Warner Brothers). RIGHT: Peter Fonda and Susan George play the title roles in *Dirty Mary Crazy Larry* and Adam Roake supports as their associate, Deke Summers (20th Century-Fox). FAR RIGHT: The *Man of Iron* in a rare quiet moment during this Kung Fu epic (Bardene International).



IN TOUCH with films

The *Black Windmill*, based on Cive Egleton's book, *Seven Days to a Killing*, is about a stoic British agent (Michael Caine) whose son is kidnapped. The agent's wife (Janet Suzman) had previously left him, feeling that his work had made him remote and unfeeling. But with their son missing, they join forces to find him. This leads them through phenomenally intricate international intrigue, and they wind up having to outwit the intelligence agency for whom he works. The ordeal reveals to the wife that her agent-husband is still capable of tenderness, passion, and anger, in spite of the restrained manner his profession has fostered.

The yarn is a good one, and the film is immeasurably enhanced by virtuoso performances, camera work, and sound effects, editing and mixing. Every performance is good, even the smallest bit part.

There are good oddball character roles of the kind which traditionally make British films such a pleasure. But

the flavor of the picture is not entirely British. Don Siegel, the director, is American. His recent credits include *The Killers* and *Madigan*. The camera-work by Outsama Rawi has the wide-screen American look which British pictures began to acquire with *Bridge on the River Kwai*. The camera placement and camera moves are of the style which enhances the story rather than showing off fancy camera gymnastics. Often the moves are almost undetectable with their purpose being limited to following the action from the most revealing vantage point. There are no flashy zooms. The lighting is top-notch.

There is perhaps only one disappointment: the title. *The Black Windmill* is a great title, but it conjures up a different kind of picture. One looks forward to a picture on the order of *Psycho* or of *Foreign Correspondent*, each of which had a building which took on a sinister personality of its own. The windmill in *The Black Windmill* is hardly ever seen and is really incidental to the story.

* * * *

There are films that you cannot ever imagine in color and there are films you can imagine only in color. Such a color film surely should be *Singin' in the Rain* but now my senses have been jumbled. *Singin' in the Rain*, in which the handling of color is a major part of its appeal, has been reregistered on my short-term memory layer as a black and white film. This certainly is reason for concern. I do not know what it means yet. That is why I hesitate to recommend to you the same experience, a rich and full and otherwise completely rewarding experience, *That's Entertainment*.

The Hollywood musicals defy reality and so defy history. *That's Entertainment*, a celebratory film for the Hollywood musical, is anti-history. It seems that not only do composers and lyricists have nothing to do with musicals but such thoughts are sacrilegious and are sacrificed upon the high altar of the star system. That is why the device employed in the film to put together so

many great films is laid upon the STARS to deliver in clever anti-history narration the treats we are allowed to see on their terms (we all know who THEY are). The question is not whether history can be entertainment or not (and I have no doubt that it could and should be), but that is what *That's Entertainment* most claims to be. And so, since it has proven that not only can education be entertaining but that entertainment can be educational, we learn that the Hollywood musicals had nothing to do with Trent and Adler, Cole Porter, Irving Berlin, Oscar Hammerstein, Gus Kahn, Rodgers and Hart, Andy Razaf and Fats Waller, Youmans, Robin, and Grey, and Jerome Kern, or Arthur Freed, Comden and Green, Francis Goodrich, Albert Hackett, or, or, and so on.

I remembered this scene so well and that scene and there were so many scenes I had never forgotten but many of the scenes I had only seen as parts of television documentaries and that is why you must see *That's Entertainment*! The silver screen is not the boob tube, is not the vast wasteland, is not a green glow little box that rides upon the pyramid of the modern domestic cell. To see these films on the silver screen in their original format is certainly an experience rich enough in heritage (albeit 20th century electric heritage) that it defines its own history as art. The highest form of art in the American cinema has always undoubtedly been the Hollywood musical; of course, not so much since the great advent of the global world of the vast wasteland, and certainly not out of MGM in the past couple of decades.

Much nostalgic entertainment requires that their audience already be overcome with nostalgia or at least an overbearing need for nostalgia. The art of these collected classics needs no such audience. This film is not for the overly satiated but for the hungry. The imagination is brought to life again in a tight weave of flurring fantasies danced out in the true American ballet by Fred Astaire, Gene Kelly, Ann Miller and even the singing, dancing Clark Gable. This audience, unlike the lucky innocent audiences of those days gone by, flurries out with each little thread of fantasy and is eventually tied in their seats by the web of the presentation. It

feels increasingly uncomfortable to know that the buoyancy of Astaire can be interrupted at any second by the completely different bubbling buoyancy of narrator-host Elizabeth Taylor, who is always fine on a plantation or on a barge but somehow alone looks out of place on an awards stage. It becomes an unconscious prickly existential experience, a trip down Memory Lane by flipping through the files in the morgue. It should have been a stroll through the museum of America's greatest art.

Undoubtedly the best musical of the year could have been, should have been, and came close to being, *Man of Iron*. Not only the awe-inspiring art of Kung Fu but the sheer beauty of photography and choreography involved with such a production of supreme romantic fantasy humbles me to say that I have been successfully exploited. And this, of course, is what has always made a successful musical. *Man of Iron* has the power to transport you on a magic carpet ride as only the Hollywood musical and the animation film has been able to do.

The songs in this musical are kung fu bouts and matches that burst into action at the drop of a cliché, which can be at any moment. The dialogue between numbers is heavy scented syrups of the Hollywood gangster era that flows thick in a swirl of sex and blood in smoke-filled gambling parlors and red satin bedrooms for white-petaled cheeks that get slapped by at least ten Cagneys before the plot even begins to thicken. It thickens down alleys filled with thugs and spirals up to the struggle for king of the mountain in fast-spinning antique limousines.

Our hero, Young Jou, is no ordinary man. He single-handedly wipes out the entire Tang-Mafia of Shanghai. He is no ordinary hero either. He smiles like Clark Gable, holds his head like Cary Grant, looks like Farley Granger or Glenn Ford, slaps like Cagney, walks like Elvis and talks like John Wayne and still is undoubtedly Chinese and one wonders what was going on in Shanghai in those days and how much our stars picked up from that world that has since been re-processed. He is bigger and certainly more beautiful than life allows. And so, our hero reaches to the pinnacle of triumph to die on the same blade as his opponent. Blood, blood, and more

blood. That's the visual lyrics for an opera of violence with powerfully romantic commercials that twist jingles of cliché into the most fated of melodramas; clever, those Hong Kongese. Such craftsmen could easily produce great art. If they'd only make a musical.

You would think any film with Dame Edith Evans, Trevor Howard, and Hugh Griffith would be well worth the investment you make at the box office, even if they only had token bit parts. You would think Jack Palance, playing a demented antique dealer with the young beauty that starred in Fellini's *Satyricon* as his "roommate," would be giving a landmark performance of his career. And I thought that a witchcraft murder detective thriller with Michael Jayston as the sleuth would have been exciting. Well, the performances are all there perhaps, but there is nothing exciting about the way they come together unless sheer sex and violence is all you need to classify a film as entertainment.

It is my suspicion that *Craze* has been considerably tempered for the American version. All of the bedroom scenes with Palance and his lover have been cut out. Each scene begins with Palance approaching his young assistant, laying his hands upon his face or caressing the nape of his neck or slapping him to the floor and cut. Next scene. The first time the audience is made aware of their relationship Mr. Palance delivers a speech about how he pulled this boy up out of the gutter, rescuing him from "those old queens in the park," and giving him a trade. Of course, Mr. Palance shouts these lines at painful decibels and runs over the innuendoes faster than a frightened fawn. Other than his relationship with the boy, however, his performance is intriguing, respectable, and at moments brilliant. He portrays the madness of an obsessed fiend with the most subtle grace, a neurotic always out of breath and yet always somehow in control up unto the dramatic mad scene climax.

Trevor Howard's performance is Trevor Howard. Dame Edith portrays a lonely, old, and somewhat wealthy woman most beautifully, and even though the script leaves nothing to the imagination, and holds no suspense be-

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A VERY NATURAL THING

by Neal Weaver



A Very Natural Thing is an historical first: an out-and-out gay film that is not pornographic. Its intentions are serious and honorable. It is expensively produced, well photographed, and some of the performances are excellent. It is also, alas, extremely disappointing.

Its hero is David (Robert Joel), a young monk who happens to be homosexual. When he discovers the church can offer him nothing but clerical celibacy or sexual abstinence as a layman, he leaves both church and monastery, and takes a teaching job in New York City. There he meets Mark, a young businessman (Curt Gareth), who becomes his lover. But each demands of the other precisely what he cannot give. David wants a constant togetherness and absolute verbal frankness which suffocate Mark. Mark wants to preserve his privacy and independence in a way that makes David a nervous wreck. They quarrel, make up, and quarrel again, until finally they part.

David drifts, seeking comfort in the company of friends and solace at the baths, until, at a gay liberation rally in Washington Square Park, he meets Jason (Bo White), a young gay photographer. They become lovers, and Jason urges David to move in with him. But now it is David who is fearful of that kind of commitment. The conclusion is open-ended: a lyrical nude scene on the beach and in the surf between David and Jason. They are living for the moment, delighting in each other—but the nature and duration of their relationship is left uncertain.

It's a viable scenario for a film, but Christopher Larkin, the producer, director, and co-author (with Joseph Coencas) of the screenplay, wasn't tough-minded enough or self-critical enough to see the pitfalls. Or clear enough about



TOP OF PAGE David (Robert Joel) fishes in his lover's pocket for the keys to the apartment they have decided to share together. But Mark (Curt Gareth) has ambiguous feelings about commitment. **in Christopher Larkin's A Very Natural Thing.** **ABOVE** A gay dinner party seems like a good diversion, but winds up sparking a quarrel between Mark and David. **OPPOSITE ABOVE** The 1973 Gay Lib March in New York City provides the background for the meeting between David and Jason. **OPPOSITE CENTER** David, recovering from Mark, accidentally becomes involved in the Gay Lib Rally, and there meets Jason (Bo White, right). They get acquainted and eventually become lovers. **OPPOSITE BELOW** In the film's closing scene, Jason and David tussle happily in the surf.

his own objectives, perhaps. He makes the lyricism of the relationship between David and Mark so lush, and it goes on for so long, that it begins to cloy—and finally to get annoying, like a half hour of Breck commercials. And when we see the lovers on the merry-go-round, or playing with a stuffed Snoopy dog, it begins to be just too cute for words.

What Mr. Larkin lacks is that precise blend of reticence, taste, perception, and moral balance which are so evident in Patricia Nell Warren's excellent novel, *The Front Runner*. Miss Warren was able to sketch for us with a sure hand the love affair between a young male track star and his coach: she makes us respect them, and believe them as *men*. Mr. Larkin's hero, David, is so soppily idealistic, and so long-winded about it, that one almost wants to throw rocks at him. He, like the film, is undoubtedly sincere, but too much sincerity, without a lacing of wit and common sense, can drive one bonkers.

Of the cast, Bo White, as Jason, seems the most attractive, and Curt Gareth, as Mark, is the most impressive he manages to suggest far greater depth of feeling in his reticence than David reveals in all his sincerity. Robert Joel, as the sincere one, seems an able enough actor, but the character is so exasperating it gets very hard to like him. And there is a girl named Deborah Trowbridge, who plays a vignette role, as Jason's ex-wife, and makes it something very touching and special.

The film is not without its virtues. The color photography is lush, and the look and feel of New York City are admirably captured. But the naiveté and sentimentality that inform the whole film are ultimately suffocating.

When I first heard about *A Very Natural Thing*, I thought, how great! A serious gay film that isn't grindhouse stuff. But long before it was over, I began to feel that a little honest porn would have been decidedly bracing—just as an antidote to all the treacle.

But we must give credit where it's due. Mr. Larkin has broken new ground, and perhaps made the way a little easier for other filmmakers who may want to deal with homosexuality and the gay scene in a serious, non-sensational way. Let's just hope the next one—whether done by Mr. Larkin himself, or others—will prove more successful.





discovery

by Jim Kepner
photography by Rik Lawrence

DENNIS ELLIS

LEO ON THE GROW

Meeting Dennis Ellis fully but casually dressed, I hardly suspected until I saw his pictures later the handsome physique lurking under that loose jacket. A tee-shirt might have displayed more, but however dressed, Dennis would quickly come across as handsome and alive, with an easy show of antic humor and self-reliance that mask a deep, searching sensitivity. My first impression was of a pretty face and a slight build, and I would have guessed him several years under his 29. Then I took a second look.

Light, ruddy complexion, flushed from rushing home from an overlong but gratifying photo session (he was late for our appointment, and I was already edgy, being unused to interviewing), a saucy turned-up nose and limpid blue eyes. His hair was the sort that used to be called strawberry blond, a yellowish red-gold. That was the first thing we talked about, after the "Had-you-been-waiting-long?-I'm-sorry" formalities.

His hair: not its gleam, but the cut, which Dennis wasn't sure he liked. He'd been wearing it longer, but I'd not seen it any other way, and could only admire the slightly-down-over-the-forehead look. It's the kind of hair that wants fondling.

His manner is electric. It had been an exhausting photo session (results on adjoining pages) and he felt good about it. He also was hungry. And his phone was very busy.

How does someone who's ordinarily more a talker than a questioner interview an attractive young man? I prefaced my first question ("What is your sign, or are you into that?") with the observation that my sign is officially Leo, but I'd never felt right with that, and had recently found that I am Aquarius, which fits my self-image a lot better.

So naturally, Dennis is Leo (Pisces rising, he thought). It fits him, though I didn't think so at first blush. Born in Hawthorne, seven miles due south of Hollywood, just north of where I now live (thus ends the parallel), Dennis had left his family at 17 to

move that seven miles north, enrolling at Hollywood High.

While he phoned out for a home-delivered meal, I made myself comfortable in his high-ceilinged, flat-white, simplified Spanish living room—sparsely furnished, rich textured sofa, stereo, a few books over the sealed-off fireplace, a tasteful arrangement of prints on the wall behind us, including a delicate sketch of Nefertiti (Dennis' own work) and an equally skilled sketch of Judy and Barbra done by a friend.

"I didn't take any lessons, except for the standard art appreciation courses in high school, though I'd like to," he said, adding that he'd also like to collect art, if he could afford it.

We talked about his boyhood and his current activities and ambitions—to a background of Mantovani and Kostelanetz. I had forgotten how to start my tape recorder, and had left it home, so I had to slow him down repeatedly while I jotted down an often unintelligible scrawl. He said brightly that *he* took shorthand, but since I was the interviewer, that wasn't much of a help. He'd been a stenographer for attorney Jack Norman who, two and a half years earlier, while representing HELP, Inc., had rolled up 3,000 votes as a gay-backed primary candidate for City Council—votes which tipped to Robert Stevenson in the runoff, for the first L.A. demonstration of gay-bloc voting clout. But all that was in 1969, some time before Dennis' employment in Norman's office.

Dennis seemed so much the self-assured type (you would have guessed he'd grown up in a prosperous West Side family) I was astonished when he said he'd been the blond sheep in a Spanish family, that he had experienced a rough and often angry home life, which gave him much of his present determination to be independent and single. But he seemed to feel that it was unsporting to talk about this. He was anxious to heal the family rift.

He has shared quarters several times with roommates, but

when he opens up to them he finds that others take too much for granted. "I lived 18 years at the will of others," he said, firmly but with no sound of bitterness. "Some roommates were as bad as at home, very possessive people. I don't want to do it again." Living alone permits him to discover and determine his own life-style, to follow the timetable of his own ambitions.

What are those ambitions?

Dennis is still somewhat open, searching, but not at all without direction. Those who read his astrological charts, or who have given him aptitude tests, unanimously say he should become a doctor. Science was his greatest interest in school, and it has remained a passion with him. He still reads avidly about physiology, health care and diet.

But he also got awards in business courses, and after working for Norman, Dennis managed a restaurant ("first I was a cheap cook") then worked for several brokerages ("not particularly interesting"), heading a posting and billing department, and overseeing its conversion to data processing techniques. He left that to become a waiter and bartender—and I thought, after the interview was over, I ought to have asked him more about that.

His last six months have been spent modeling. He found working with Colt relaxing and "a real professional atmosphere." He appears in Jim French's photo book, *Another Man*.

But what most excites him is the chance of putting his daredevil gymnastic urges to work. "A Leo is a showoff," he grinned, telling about a 60-foot water pipe in Ojai that bridged 25 feet above a ravine. "I just had to show I could walk across it. . . . And stunts like one-legged squats on wires, or walking backwards. . . . It's such a thrill to do something like that that someone else can't do!"

Gymnastics had been his abiding interest in school. He had enjoyed team sports, but with no great enthusiasm. "I wanted to channel my energy into gymnastics." And that showed even with the loose jacket he still wore. If he didn't appear to be musclebound, he certainly appeared agile.

Did mountain climbing appeal to him? Certainly. He'd once belonged to a hiking club, and used to go on overnight camping trips with his family, though he'd not done any serious climbing. (I took time to tell about my scramble—on hands and knees—to the 11,200-foot top of Mt. Lassen, with a 62-year-old woman leading the pack.)

He told of the time he'd gotten a motorcycle and couldn't get it started, how chagrined he was when his mother came out, started it and drove off. She had long enjoyed motorbikes, also water-skiing.

On the stereo a Glenn Miller record I used to skate to prompted questions about both skating and his musical tastes. He had roller skated a lot, going for speed rather than the fancy butterfly turns, and had won a few blue ribbons—"I used to win every race." Ice skating he'd not gotten much into.

His voice is soft, slightly husky. "I love to sing," he said, adding that he sang most of the time when alone. His preferences: popular music, light opera. "I love Jack Jones, Vicki Carr, Vic Damone, yes, and Aretha Franklin, Streisand, of course. . . ."

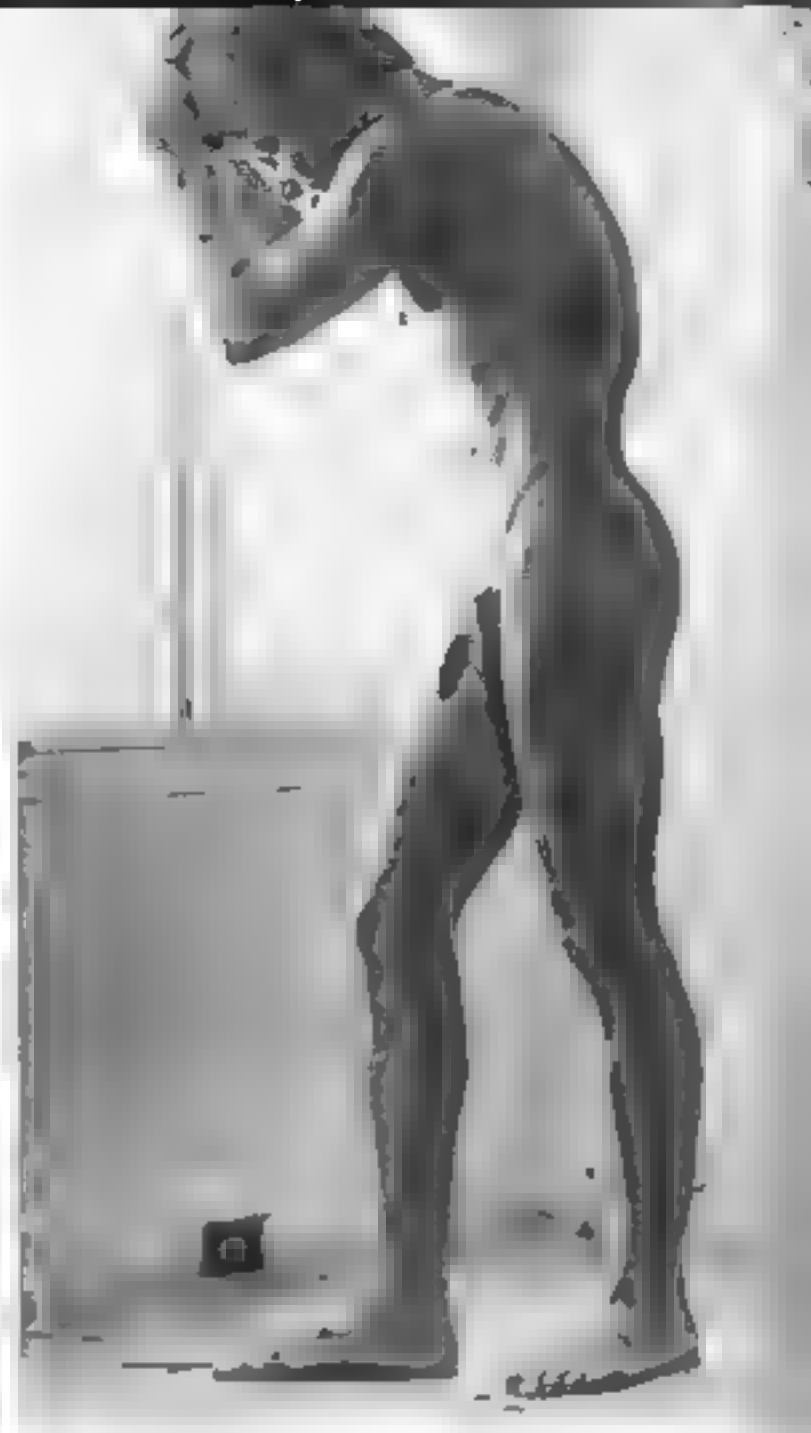
"Dance, Ballerina, Dance" was on the stereo when I asked about rock.

"It strikes me as hostile. I can't relate to the drug-oriented things. . . . I enjoy opera—the power. I guess I'm a tenor."

He had studied voice, performed once in *Finian's Rainbow*. (I'd had tickets three times to the original Broadway produc-







tion, have never yet seen it, even on film.)

He hopes to travel more. He lived a year in Hawaii, and traveled with his family to Mexico and to Vancouver, spending just a few days in San Francisco. In a few days he will be going to Sarasota where he hopes to check into a school for clowns and acrobats. He's very excited about that. . . .

Inclined to be religious, and much concerned with reading about how current events are fulfilling Bible prophecy, he has moved away from his Catholic background, and doesn't follow politics closely. I asked about Watergate. He said you have to count a man innocent until proven guilty, "but I'm sure justice will prevail in the end." Among the pictures behind us was one of John Kennedy, and Dennis admitted, "I've found it hard to respect any of the presidents since him. But you have to have respect for their office."

Dennis is not a crusader. Asked about Women's Lib, he said he believed in equal pay for equal work. "But the *idea*, what they *want*, gets somehow misconstrued. I feel that women are women, and men are men. Some physiological things just don't change."

About Gay Lib he said he had no hangups. He finds the whole bar scene unattractive and feels that Gay Lib was a positive and necessary movement, even if some people tended to overcompensate in order to get what they're after. Gays *do* have to fight for their rights, but he didn't see himself as likely to get involved in political campaigning of any sort.

The doorbell and the phone rang simultaneously. A boy delivered Dennis' dinner, broiled chicken with no sauce, a solid, high-protein diet. He talked diet while he ate, though I threw him off by asking him what reading he liked. *Forever Amber*, which had taken him forever to read, and led to his mother's strong objections, was the first novel he recalled becoming engrossed in. Lately *The Exorcist* and *Rosemary's Baby*, and a little science fiction, "but mostly, it's garbage. . . . I liked a lot of fairy tales, particularly about Perseus. . . ."

His reading runs more to works by and about Edgar Cayce, the psychic, and other prophetic books, and books on health and diet. "I'm very concerned about all the chemicals, carbohydrates and processed foods we eat." He was especially fond of works by nutritionist Del Davis, saying that he was still occasionally tempted to take up that field professionally, "but I guess I'm more concerned with living—for myself."

"Being self-centered," he said with another radiant grin, "is I guess why I like it better living alone." (And though I have myself advocated living alone and liking it, I wondered if there was a disappointed romantic behind that remark.)

Anything gymnastic excites him. What did he watch on TV? "Not much, other than the specials and sports—the Olympics especially—I feel it stifles creativity."

He had once wanted to be a dancer—"Won some Charleston contests in school" (My eyebrows went up! I wasn't old enough to dance when they were doing the Charleston. . . . I remember my mother in some Galveston speakeasies. . . .) But he had also taken ballet lessons, and hoped to get back to that. "It's very hard work. You have to learn to control parts of your body you never knew you had."

Another phone call (popular young man, and understandably so!) and I ask about the ceramic Chinese elephant and the large vase on the floor. "Tijuana Ming," he laughed, then apologized that there were so few plants in the room. "I like gardening,



having lots of shrubbery and plants around, but I don't have time now to keep them up. I have a real respect for nature, and for God."

Trivial of me to ask about parlor games at that point. I wanted to pry more into his family background, which sounded like a terrific story, or into his highly independent mystic notions, but it seemed too much an invasion of his privacy. Not that he was reluctant, but he seemed vulnerable, so I kept some questions in check, and learned that he enjoyed playing cards and had wanted to learn chess—I'd like to be his teacher.

An attractive, independent young man, concerned with maturity ("I got along better with adults even when I was a child"), Dennis can no doubt show a prickly demeanor. He is obviously open to a good time and to friendship, but having his own strong ideas about what he wants to do and to be, he isn't ready to be possessed by somebody who just chances to like his open good looks and his apparent softness. But for all his drive and determination, much of his character is still promisingly open, free to grow, to find new channels.

The life of an acrobat, a clown, a stuntman, is his immediate ambition, the derring-do challenge of danger, the desire to amaze others by his performance; but a desire for derring-do can take many forms, and we would not be surprised to find Dennis Ellis inventing novel high-wire acts with which to amaze his audience.



IN TOUCH



with music



When David Bowie kicked down the closet door in rock 'n roll a short while back, he was regarded strictly as a one-hit, flaming oddity. Oh, friends, those gloomy oracles are today spinning at their typewriters. Here it is several years, several hit singles and several gold, million-selling LPs later and Davey Baby is still coming on strong. His latest album, *Diamond Dogs* (RCA CLP-1-0576) was certified a million seller only a few days after it was released. A red-hot single, "Rebel, Rebel" (which sounds a bit like a tribute to Malcolm McDowell's performance in *A Clockwork Orange*), was lifted from the tracks and is currently flouncing its way across the AM airways. Now you may find Bowie's glitter-dipped grit just a bit hard to take, but don't, like those grumpy oracles, overlook the thing that keeps Bowie from being a one-hitter. talent. One listen to this futuristic, Kubrickian LP may totally mind-trip you but it's well worth the journey. It sure ain't one of those chockful-o'-hits albums but, instead, a total record experience from start to finish, a strangely twisted look into a melting plastic future. Be sure that Bowie's switchover sex trip is not only as ambiguous as ever—like in "Big Brother" or as a universal invitation to "Rock'n Roll With Me"—it's

actually, if anything, expanding. That half-man, half-dog painting of Bowie on the cover, coupled with the LP's far-in title track, is giving rise to all sorts of speculation in the music industry. Surely, Davey Baby's latest sex thing couldn't be. . .

Two other switch-hitting spawns in Bowie's pansexual wake have flipped out brand new records that are meeting with more than just nominal success. Doing the best is *Mott* (Columbia PC 32871) by the well-known English group, Mott the Hoople. Ian Hunter, the group's constantly dark-glassed leader, who also produces, has put together these wispy lads' best LP to date. No individual song stands out or approaches their earlier hit, "All the Young Dudes." The album has produced a hit single for them, though, the first in a long time, "The Golden Age of Rock 'n Roll." Featuring a lead vocal by the silver-haired Ariel Bender, it's a nostalgic trip back to the old Bill Haley, hard-rock era. There's very little in this recording to give evidence of the group's in-person, multisexual image. They seem to be slipping more and more away from that trip, at least on vinyl. It is a good record, but if you want to catch the switch-hitting, you gotta pretty much see them in person these days.

This sure ain't the case with Lou Reed! His *Rock and Roll Animal* (RCA ALP-1-0472) seeps out steaming helpings of pure sex every time you set the needle to the grooves. After his latest, in-person, totally astonishing concert in New York, one astounded, open-mouthed music critic (I wonder where the hell that guy has been the past couple of years, anyway?) referred to him as, "... a fag Frankenstein into S and M..." Reed has extended the cross-over trip deep into a dark, new territory and very successfully, too. You definitely don't have to catch him in person to get tuned into his trip. He shouts it, flouts it! He's unearthed a couple of numbers from his days with Andy Warhol's strange group, The Velvet Underground. Reed's redo of "Heroin" still gets it done very well, while his brand new reading of the well-remembered "White Light/White Heat" has flashing new insights to not only the song itself but also to Reed's own dark persona ity. There's no AM radio hit on this album. Not one of them would have the guts to touch it with whips or chains. In fact, no one song has the insane crackle of his big, smash hit, "Walk on the Wild Side." What makes the LP really important, putting it far beyond any other current-

ly in the Rock and Rouge movement, is that it totally defines a performer. Rock and Roll Animal is the Lou Reed story!

Alice Cooper — another won't-last-one-hit-flash-in-the-pan — is currently sticking his Muscle of Love (Warner Brothers BS 2748) deep into the pop charts. It isn't quite up to his last effort, "Billion Dollar Babies" (a really fine LP), but it is still great fun in sweet Alice's chilling, thrilling way. In spite of Cooper's very grisly approach to entertainment, the one really enduring quality about the group is their innate, if insane, sense of humor, something quite rare in the glitter movement. Admittedly the humor is very odd, very offbeat and way off center but if you're able to free your mind to wander down strange, new, little paths of treacherous fun, then by all means do grab hold of Cooper's Muscle of Love.

* * * *

Frank Zappa, who's responsible for most of Cooper's career by simply existing (alas, without Alice's success), has a new LP that must be regarded as his high-vinyl mark to date, ² (or Apostrophe, Discreet DS 2175). Zapping Zappa can only be thought of as an enigma. He's either a genius or rock's biggest ripoff. I must admit that I go along with the former. He can absolutely take my breath away when he's really on and even excite me on his rare off moments. On these sides he's better than good, returning to the best tradition of his earlier, head-dizzying style. It's really hard to relate to Frank Zappa's effect unless you hear him for yourself. I'm simply going to listen to the record again because it's left me speechless . . . and that's not easy to achieve!

A very strange animal has suddenly reared its head in rock and rouge. The combined forces of Reed tough, Cooper grisly and Zappa zap have finally produced it . . . a true leather LP. It's from a most unlikely source, Bob Crewe, that boy-next-door, clean-scrubbed, freckled face who gave us the bubble-gummy "Music to Watch Girls By" in the Sixties, which was done in a nice, unoffensive way by his Alpert-like group, The Bob Crewe Generation. There now exists a Generation gap. His new groupers, The Eleventh Hour, have given us music to beat your lover by, with their The Eleventh Hour's Greatest Hits 1974 (pun fully intended, I'm sure!) (Twen-

tieth Century T 435). Get set for moans and groans, screams and cries and, natch, the inevitable clank of chains and snap of whips. That's right, kiddies, it's all here just waiting for you to grab it up in your hot, leather-gloved, little paws. I do have this gnawing feeling that it's all being done very tongue in cheek.

I just can't figure out whose tongue and whose cheeks. Of course, if you're not ready for an entire album filled with all this jolly fun, there's a hit single you might want to pick up. (No, it is not being played on the air! Okay?) How did it become a hit? The old leather-vine, how else? It's the ONLY song currently being played in all the bars that cater to . . . well. . . . Anyway, the single is called "So Good." From there, draw your own conclusions.

* * * *

Little cutie-pie, Elton John of the multicolored, multistriped hair has suddenly dropped several multicolored pins in his sensational, new Goodbye, Yellow Brick Road (MCA 2-10003). John and his constant whatever, Bernie Taupin, have come up with a fine, fine LP. Elton John has a nice, free, offhand manner as a performer and has never been better showcased. His composing—he writes all his own material—is where his real talent lies, though, like with the best of the current rockers. This two-record set has cannoned out a volley of hits. In addition to the haunting title song, "Bennie and the Jets" (a neat nod to Bowie and the boys) and "Saturday's Alright for Fighting" have all chart topped. Do look into three other numbers: "Candle in the Wind," a tribute to Marilyn Monroe, "Your Sister Can't Twist (But She Can Rock and Roll)", without missing a touch of the heavy innuendo and, finally, "All the Girls Love Alice," with not one drop of innuendo since it's all spelled out. Up to now El Cutie has been just a visual Rock and Rouger. Not so with this LP, which gives a little better view of his . . . uh . . . taste. I can hardly wait to see how far he'll go in the next one.

* * * *

These are the current biggies who have managed to establish and hold constant music's maxi-multisexual trip and keep it glittering right along. Rock and Rouge, instead of dead ending, or just lying there and dying there, is very much alive and very talented as well.

Now, understand, I'm one of those people who doesn't believe art can cause anything, but that it merely reflects, or, at best, affects. Look, if the world wasn't ready for these far-out, jewel-encrusted guys, they'd be hooted right off the planet. This can be best attested to by the current New York in-vogue, gay-chic or bi-chic. It's gotten to the point that if you're a new singer looking to make it, your theme song better be "Oh, My Bi." Instead of one-hitters, many of the glitter flits are definitely long-lasting switch-hitters and group after group is jumping right in with both high-heeled, net-hosed feet. We have a covey of brand-new glitterers swishing up the charts faster than you can say T.C. Jones! They aren't even as subtle as Bowie! These boys seem to be leaving no rhinestone unturned in openly declaring their various bents. Most prominent among these gilded newbies are two gaggles of guys on MCA, Sixteen and Savaged by Silverhead (MCA 391). It didn't quite successfully capture all this very good group's crackling, in-person excitement (IN TOUCH, June 1974), but it came close enough. The LP is selling well and a super-group, in formation, is on its super-way. The label's other new addition, Golden Earrings, flounced over from Holland via England where it had a number one song, "Radar Love." It's now rapidly moving up the charts here in this country. Their LP Moontan (MCA 396) is more of a futuristic trip, à la the latest Bowie sides, than a straight-out glitter jaunt. It does state its multi-case, though. In fact, futurism may be the natural evolution of this whole bi-musical number. It does give rise to all sorts of interesting speculation as to our own future sexual mores.

* * * *

Elektra is still sticking by and pushing away with its English import, Queen, in spite of a less than successful first LP. It did cause a minor sensation if not many sales . . . because the Gay in the record was very outspoken and very trenchant. They now have a second, Queen II (Elektra 75082). It should convince even the super-hat radio people not only of Queen's considerable talent but that the label knows what it's doing . . . sticking by a good thing, both the group and the vogue.

Continued on Page 83

IN TOUCH

with books



Without jargon, cant or apology, Martin Weinberg and Colin Williams of the Institute for Sex Research, still popularly known as the Kinsey Institute, report their extensive comparative study of Gays' adjustments to social conditions in San Francisco, New York, Amsterdam and Copenhagen, in *Male Homosexuals: Their Problems and Adjustments* (Oxford University, \$10.95, 316 pages). While portions of the text may be difficult for many readers, it is on the whole clearly presented with unambiguous charts, and is, I think, the best "scientific" book yet on gay life.

The study was based largely on an 11-page questionnaire distributed in the late Sixties in bars and clubs and to gay group mailing lists in the four cities. It was supported by the National Institute for Mental Health and Hugh Hefner Foundation grants and by an anonymous Los Angeles donor. The questionnaire was designed to uncover how Gays adjust to the stigma of deviance with the four cities selected for contrast. Perhaps clearer, more informative results might have come from selecting cities of sharper contrast (many would regard these four as the world's most liberal) but this in no way invalidates the results obtained. The authors found significant contrast between public attitudes toward homosexuals in the four cities, and corresponding differences in the self-image of Gays—though *not the specific differences which many psychologists or sociologists would expect*.

Several researchers have noted that the sources of homophobia rather than the "causes" of homosexuality need investigation; also the ways homosexuals

adapt to such aversion. Weinberg and Williams address themselves to the latter. Questions which I thought silly when I received this questionnaire from San Francisco Mattachine six years ago become meaningful in the book.

They aimed to find the degree to which respondents accept their orientation, or seek to hide it; what their expectation and experience of discrimination is; how sexually active they are; how much they are socially involved with other Gays; whether they have a positive self-image; and whether they report an unusual frequency of presumed somatic indicators of psychological problems (migraine, insomnia, indigestion, etc.).

The general sociological evidence indicated that while Gays were little better liked or understood in Copenhagen or Amsterdam than in New York and San Francisco, they were definitely better tolerated, and felt less danger of losing jobs or status if "found out." Consequently, the European sample (which would not apply to more repressive European cities) was heavily less concerned with hiding homosexuality than the American sample.

Standard psychosocial theories would conclude therefrom that the social disapproval more openly expressed in the U.S. would make American Gays display more symptoms of psychological distress. Such seemed not to be the case, though most American Gays rated themselves as less happy than the European Gay sample, or an American control group, but *there was no significant difference in most psychosomatic indicators*.

This study was carried out along with two other "Kinsey" studies: one by Weinberg and Dr. Alan Bell in San Francisco, directed by Tom Maurer, later a president of the Society for Individual Rights (SIR); another by Klassen and Levitt whose test of general-population sex attitudes provides a control group for Weinberg & Williams' 1057 American respondents. As a control for the European sample (1077 in Amsterdam and 303 in Copenhagen) the authors questioned 300 men chosen at random from phone directories in each city.

They note that their sample is not necessarily representative of all American or European Gays, but demonstrate that remarkable conclusions can nonetheless be generalized from this sample, as illustrated by contrasts between those contacted in bars, in clubs and through mailing lists.

They discover but fail to interpret the significance of the radically new program of SIR, whose members displayed a profile quite unlike those of either Mattachine group, Amsterdam's COC or the Danish Forbundet—profiles not too dissimilar to those found in the bars. SIR's founders had launched the kind of organization ONE Incorporated had been *talking* about for years, rejecting the notion of homosexuality as an illness and clear-headedly setting out to build a well-rounded gay social life. The founding of SIR was a major turning point in gay movement history, and this book's results demonstrate that.

Minor in the whole book are several small historic inaccuracies borrowed from Gunnison and Sagarin (aka Cory), the sort which tend to become verified

by repetition. The Mattachine Society did not, despite its later publications, move its headquarters to San Francisco immediately on incorporating in 1954, and it is confusing to speak of "chapters" after 1961 when San Franciscans on the Board expelled the chapters. It is inaccurate to say that "some Mattachine members had broken away to form ONE Inc. of Los Angeles."

The North American Conference of Homophile Organizations started in 1966, not 1965. To say that "Gay Liberation has hardly developed at all in San Francisco," is utterly baffling, unless meant as a judgment of the *effectiveness* of Bay Area Gay Liberationists who, in fact, predated the Stonewall incident. They say that Denmark has only one homophile group, whereas both Vennem and IHWG were quite active during the research period and for many years before or after. The statement that gay bar payoffs were very rare in San Francisco misses the "Gayola" scandals, which only a few years earlier had led to the formation of the Tavern Guild.

They report that those Gays who see homosexuality as in conflict with their religion show more depression and instability; that the small sample of black Gays show less, that older Gays are far from being as frustrated as generally supposed. Really, a book to study.

I want to thank the reader who recently suggested I catch up with Robert Bentley's exciting *Here There Be Dragons* (Ontario Press, Chicago, 256 pages), a high-binding gay spy story. The dragons of the piece are small devices to be planted somewhere in Russia so as to cause their ICBM's to detonate on the ground, should the mechanism ever be set in motion. The irony of the piece is that a group of homophobic FBI and Naval Intelligence men find themselves in a position where the only way they can make their whole damned security system work is to recruit an open Gay who will let himself into the classic blackmail situation.

The sex starts on the opening page and rarely lets up, but is described without salaciousness. Sharp settings in New York, Washington, D.C., and Honolulu. Protagonist Dexter Hill is well drawn, as are three of his lovers and ONI Commander McRobert, a man who is particu-

larly uncomfortable working with a homosexual, but who learns to curb his aversion.

The suspense builds and the plot tightens as wildly as in any James Bond caper, but this time Pussy Galore is a delectable Swedish boy. . . .

Mervyn Harris' *The Dilly Boys* (New Perspectives, Rockville, Md., 129 pages) is a breezy sociological study of male prostitutes in London's Piccadilly Circus, done on a Ninevah Trust grant during 1969 and 70. The author and his brother had earlier done a study of drug addicts and female prostitutes in the same West End area.

Connoisseurs of the scene on Selma or elsewhere will be fascinated by the similarities and contrasts between these working-class boys from the north of England and Scotland, and the constant influx of farmboys and jaunty young men from the suburbs here. The rationalizations are often the same, the jargon differs. But in painting some individual boys, who can't help but be typical, the brush strokes seem too light, as if the author gives us an inkling of what this boy is like, why he has come to the Dilly, how he justifies his behavior—but only an inkling. The parade of them, Jimmy who drifted to London out of some vague desire to join the battle of the "hippies and the skinheads," Peter who fled a job which offered little chance of advancement, Gerry, a sometimes cynical poet, Colin who was dropped by accident into the Dilly from a Peace March, and other nameless ones are each boys we should like to know better.

Perhaps the same problem affects some of the "steamers" or "punters" who pick up the boys. While many of these patrons share the boys' attitude "You don't touch my feelings, and I won't touch yours," a few do try to get to know the boys better.

Of these some apparently want to reenact something in their own lost youth; others want, sometimes quite imperiously, to colonize the boys' spirits, to do some sort of Pygmalion act, and often the boys fiercely resent this attempt to take over and remodel their personalities. But a few of the men just want to know them better, and in rare cases, friendship persists for some time, almost bridging the cultural-class gap.

Others may react differently, but to me it seems a futile exercise as generations of boys and men will continue to try, each, to take from the other without giving any of himself. . . .

A perceptive book that should not be missed especially by those who dig this particular scene

Do you know a soft young redhead slender sweetboy, pretty and gentle, not a care in the world, limp-wristed on a bar stool, screaming *Mother!* at anyone met the nite before? Left to his own evolution, his years move softly from lover to lover, a river of soft kisses and long beers, airy camp that turns any uptight barscene into a friendly, clever occasion. . . . Give him a poetic flair for small jewel verse to entertain and amaze, and a flair for teaching, and almost at the start of that career give him an excited young gay boy student who tells his father about this wonderful teacher, condemning the teacher to three very heavy years in prison.

The jagged bitterness and deep compassion of that purgatory took Paul Mariah some years to come to terms with and his reissued booklet of harsh, taut verse, *Personae Non Gratae* (Alta, Box 424, San Lorenzo, CA 94580, 60 cents) etches several fierce little portraits from that experience.

"Quarry/Rock: A Reality Poem in the Tradition of Genet," without a doubt one of his best, includes the following.

O, Seeger, the night you tied the cabbie to the tree

and shot him, did you know

that you would wait seven years to be strapped in a chair?

that they would kill your love in isolation, in lonely isolation?

that in the cubicle of a cell you would want him, would want to love him?

It was the evening after you knew Stevie had died that I heard

green tears whimper from your cell and knew that in that severed head you still had human tears.

(O, Seeger, what have they done to Stevie?

What have they done to Stevie?)

—LYN PEDERSEN



IN TOUCH with theatre

ABOVE LEFT: Macho meets Woman's Lib: Petruchio (Marc Singer) woos Katherine (Freda Oister) in a most unusual fashion in the ACT production of Shakespeare's *The Taming of the Shrew*. ABOVE: Sandy McCallum as the clown Feste, John Glover as the foolish knight Sir Andrew Aguecheek, and Benjamin Stewart as the fun-loving Sir Toby Belch, enjoy a drinking bout during Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night* at the Old Globe. LEFT: Tim Matheson is the hero in the Old Globe presentation of *Romeo and Juliet*. OPPOSITE, TOP LEFT: Among those playing the title roles in the Ahmanson presentation of Gershwin's *Porgy and Bess* are Robert Mosley and Laona Mitchell. OPPOSITE, TOP CENTER: Paula Kelly and Murray Matheson were the featured players in the Mark Taper Forum presentation of the new musical, *Charlatan*. OPPOSITE, TOP RIGHT: Marine Jim Cassidy pays a call on his pen pal, Cal Cuiver who is working as a bath attendant in *Tubstrip*. OPPOSITE, BOTTOM LEFT: In the Off Broadway production of William Inge's *B is for Slop*, sidekick Virgil (Mark Gardner) gives Bo (John Calvin), a little sage advice. OPPOSITE, BOTTOM RIGHT: Stubby Kaye, Alice Faye and John Payne are the stars of *Good News* currently playing a national tour prior to a Fall opening in New York.

The San Francisco American Conservatory Theatre brought their highly regarded production of *The Taming of the Shrew* to the Garrison Theatre of the Claremont Colleges recently and you couldn't get a minnow into the auditorium, it was so packed with students and townspeople. And they went simply wild over William Ball's athletic carnival. It is a headlong, frenzied concept of one of the Bard's liveliest plays and it never lets up on its galloping pace. All the t's are crossed with a flourish and all the i's are dotted with a bang! There are no valleys or soft passages. Everything is POW! Go for the bull's-eye! And, perhaps, this is too much of a good thing. Less of what Shakespeare wrote shines through this Now vision of the play. That it is enormously popular and well-liked is certainly a mark in its favor. And it has four absolutely brilliant performances going for it. Young Marc Singer is Petruchio. You have heard about him and you have seen his picture in *After Dark*. He is an amazing young man and this is the third time he has been associated with a production of this play. It is in his bones. He loves it and much of Petruchio's philosophy is

also his. Onstage, he is a blazing, white-hot ingot of a talent, as solid as his body, which is the ninth wonder of the world. When Mr. Ball saw it, he decided to strip it to the waist, as there is no Shrew in all of Christendom who could resist it. I have never known of any other Petruchio played this way. Like Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., Marc is a remarkable acrobat. He can lift Kate high on his shoulders and he can leap up a towering pole with the greatest of ease. As Katherine, Freda Oister looks exactly like Raquel Welch but she has fire, authority and a superb command of herself that other lady lacks. When she and Marc are having at it centerstage, this Shrew is all glory.

No less fine are Claire Malis, who makes an exquisite Bianca, and Stephen Schnetzer, who is not long for this world with the ACT. He plays Lucentio and is so gorgeous to look at the movies will snatch him up for sure. He is exactly what they are looking for. But let's face it. He is exactly what everyone is looking for and he can act with style, assurance and vigor. To behold Stephen and Marc in their tights is to die. Every man-jack in the house walked out with

an inferiority complex. Robert Fletcher has created magnificent costumes that flow with the wearer. They are white-on-white with giant pom-poms and hats of red silk, set off by jet masks. The effect is quite overwhelming.

Mr. Ball's direction is a bounce to every ounce of dialogue, with incidental music by Lee Hoiby that counterpoints every inflection. To my way of thinking, all this exertion, exaggeration and aiming for nonstop musical sound effects add up to so much overkill. Shakespeare was a pretty good writer. He doesn't need everlasting jazzing-up to make him palatable for 1974. And I see no reason to keep Petruchio, Katherine and all the others watching from the sidelines after they have made their exits. Why not get them off the stage, out of eyesight and earshot of the ongoing action as the Bard intended?

I must make a passing comment on that final submission speech by Kate that Marc tells me is soundly booed by some audiences. It represents everything Women's Lib has been fighting against. So, in this instance, it must be conceded that old Will has dated himself.



To kick off the 25th Silver Jubilee Year of the Old Globe National Shakespeare Festival in San Diego's Balboa Park, the directors have created an eight o'clock curtain prelude with Revels on the Greensward. Jugglers, madrigal singers and Elizabethan dancers make merry in our Renaissance Pleasure Faire. The long hair of the page boys fits right into the period and, at curtain time, one of them mounts to the very roof of the Old Globe and fires off twin cannons. Inside, *Twelfth Night* gets underway with one of the most expert aggregations of exponents of the Bard to be found on these shores. For no other reason than to partake of Eric Christmas' Malvolio, one of the truly great ones, this production would be worthwhile. It also boasts Mary Layne's Olivia which is superb and Lois Foraker as Maria, the best I've yet encountered. Penelope Fuller's Viola is all professional authority and Michael Horton is ideal as Sebastian, supremely capable and enormously fair to gaze upon. Indeed, when his sword became bent in a duel, he exhibited great resourcefulness by bending it right back into shape again with his boot. This won him an accolade. This

Twelfth Night is ever so well acted, intelligently co-directed by Eric Christmas and Craig Noel and gorgeously caparisoned by Peggy Kellner. Don Dugan's sound is a veritable feast for the ear. With all this flair and flounce, why does the play fail to catch fire? I think perhaps the sum of the whole is unequal to its parts. Over a Bloody Mary after the performance, Mr. Christmas confided:

"Both Craig and I swapped thoughts about the play."

But with Eric playing the lead and walking away with it, I fear the two rationales of thought have not blended into a unified vision of purpose. Many facets of the show crackle with charm and invention. But the play sprawls and unravels rather than gaining momentum through a cohesion of dramatic force. It is an inspired touch to have Sir Andrew Aguecheek's boot tongues flopping about on his insteps and Shakespeare's bawdiness still shines through such lines as:

"I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs and spin it off."

This man's iambic pentameter really scans.

The following night the curtain rose

on *Romeo and Juliet* and seldom have these lines seemed more appropriate:

"O never was there a tale of more woe

Than *this* of Juliet and her Romeo."

The woe begins with Penelope Fuller, exhausted from her *Viola*, attempting to play Juliet. Not only is she 20 years over the hill, Miss Fuller's approach is exactly the opposite of what Shakespeare had in mind. Instead of bursting with girlish enthusiasm, she is regal and hysterical. In each scene she strikes precisely the wrong note. As Romeo, Tim Matheson could not conceivably be more gorgeous. But he has absolutely no poetry in him and the role is clearly beyond his scope. All the lovely speeches are lost in his hurry to get through them and the final bier scene is a first-class mess. Nowhere in this great play do these star-crossed lovers disclose the slightest passion for each other. When the Nurse warns Juliet her mother is coming and Romeo must leave, Penelope touches him lightly with her fingertips and holds him at arm's-length. Perhaps she does this to avoid crushing her

Continued on Page 86

special report - theatre

When You Comin' Back, Red Ryder?

by Neal Weaver

photography by Ken Howard



Mark Medoff's *When You Comin' Back, Red Ryder?* is a compact miniature version of Eugene O'Neill's *The Iceman Cometh*. I don't mean to suggest that the author has imitated O'Neill anymore than O'Neill imitated Ibsen's *The Wild Duck*. But each of the three plays deals with a man, an idealist of sorts, who is hellbent on making other people face up to the basic truths of their lives—without ever really coming to terms with his own reality.

In Mr. Medoff's play, it is Teddy, a psychotic drug smuggler who carries smack in his hubcaps (spectacularly played by Kevin Conway), who is the motive force of the play. When his car

breaks down in the middle of the New Mexico desert, he has to stop for repairs, and ultimately to take prisoner and terrorize six people in a sleazy roadside diner. (The plot resembles *The Petrified Forest*, but what Mr. Medoff does with it is something else again.) Once he has them in his power, he starts to play games, like some demented playwright writing in flesh and blood instead of ink. He forces his prisoners to contemplate and act out their own weaknesses, their shortcomings, and the unlikelihood of their expectations. They respond according to their natures, some destroyed, some jolted or challenged into new awareness, some merely ravaged with grief. Teddy is like the reality principle on a death trip.

When he has played out his game, he goes on his way.

Kevin Conway, as Teddy, is a phenomenon unto himself, alternating between charming and bullying, unexpectedly unleashing a sudden violence which is really terrifying. He can handle a roll of masking tape—or even a violin—so that it seems a lethal weapon. It's his show, and he plays it to a fare-thee-well.

The rest of the cast give him fine support: Elizabeth Sturges makes Angel, the hapless, hopeless, plump but pert waitress, into a touchingly real figure,



ABOVE LEFT: Teddy, a psychotic drug smuggler (Kevin Conway, foreground), terrorizes the inhabitants of a roadside diner in the New Mexico desert. (Left to right: Robyn Goodman, James Kiernan, Brad Dourif, Elizabeth Sturges, Addison Powell, Joe Jernog, and Kristin van Buren.) LEFT: Angel (Elizabeth Sturges who won the 1974 Obie Award for her performance) is a waitress at the diner, and "Red" (Brad Dourif) is the night countererman on whom she has a secret crush. ABOVE: Teddy and his aullen, taciturn old lady (Kristin van Buren) arrive at the diner.





ABOVE Customers (Robyn Goodman and James Kiernan) are bullied by Teddy. She is a concert violinist whose \$11,000 violin is held as hostage by Teddy. She experiences disillusionment when her husband proves unable to give her the support and protection she expects. BELOW LEFT: Teddy decides to stage a Red Ryder movie and forces "Red" and Angel to play the leading roles under his direction. BELOW RIGHT: When "Red" resists the indignities he is being subjected to, Teddy resorts to stronger means of persuasion. Mr. Conway also won a 1974 Obie for his performance as Teddy.

and John Lisbon Wood, as the diner's night man, whom she secretly adores, is marvelously scruffy and right in his dragged ducktail hair and western boots. Addison Powell is convincingly homespun as the owner of the nearby filling station, who makes the mistake of promising to fix Teddy's car. And James Kiernan and Robyn Goodman are absolutely right as the young Jewish couple from New York who stop for breakfast at the diner and find themselves in Teddy's clutches. Kristin van Buren manages to be a fascinating figure as Teddy's sullen, taciturn Old Lady, despite the fact that she has hardly a line to speak all evening. And Joe Jamrog scores briefly as the diner's tough, mercenary proprietor whose only concern is the contents of his cash register.

Kenneth Frankel has directed with a real feeling for human realities as well as theatrical effects, and generated real theatrical electricity. Bill Stabile's set gives a wholly convincing sense of the New Mexico desert, and Penny Davis' costumes seem impeccably right.

It's good theatre, with a real sense of humanity: something we get altogether too little of these days.



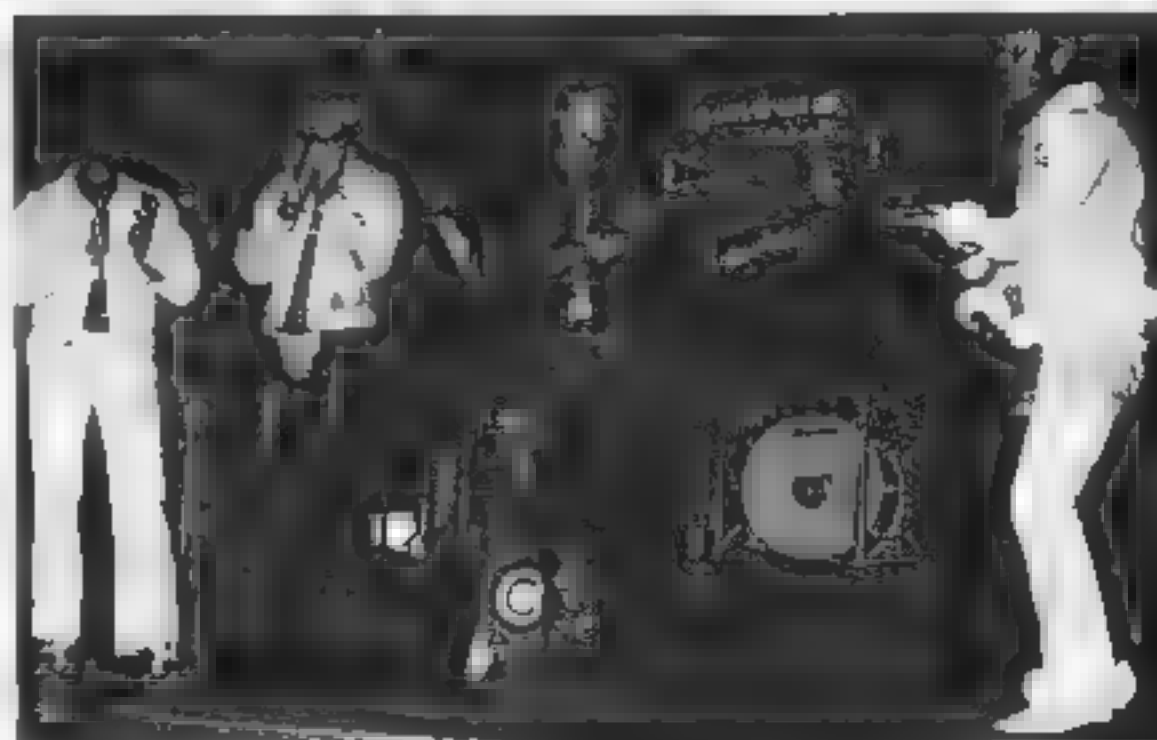
community events



Z.T.'s RADICAL CHIC

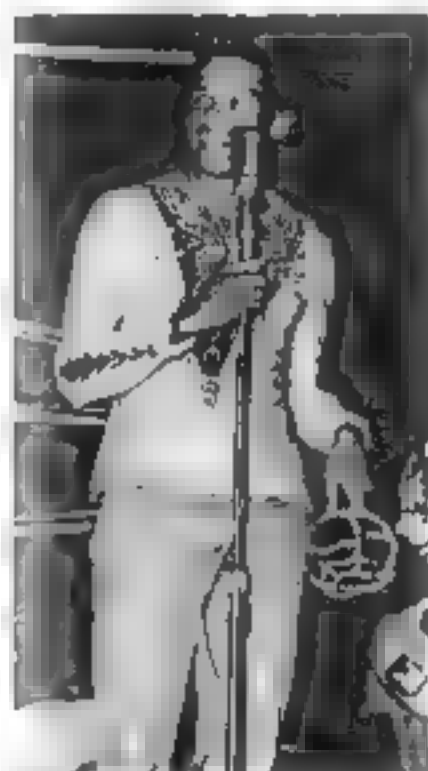


One of the most popular, active and well-organized of Los Angeles' social clubs is Zeta Tau Iota. This year ZTI presented Radical Chic, a combination party-contest-show and succeeded in making the April event a most memorable evening. TOP OF PAGE: The Radical Chic dancers for the evening were Rick, Larry, Roy and Debra. ABOVE LEFT: Josea, lead singer with Social Security, provided the vocal excitement for the evening. ABOVE CENTER: Fire dancer, Rico, managed to raise some temperatures with more than flame. ABOVE RIGHT: The acrobatic dance team of Ted and Roy highlighted the evening with handsome bodies, bright personalities, and exciting dance. LEFT: An unidentified contestant in the costume contest. RIGHT: (from left) Rene Rodriguez and Joe Toland applaud as ZTI's Rick Gutierrez presents the Grand Sweepstakes trophy to Bill Wright who also won the most beautiful costume award.

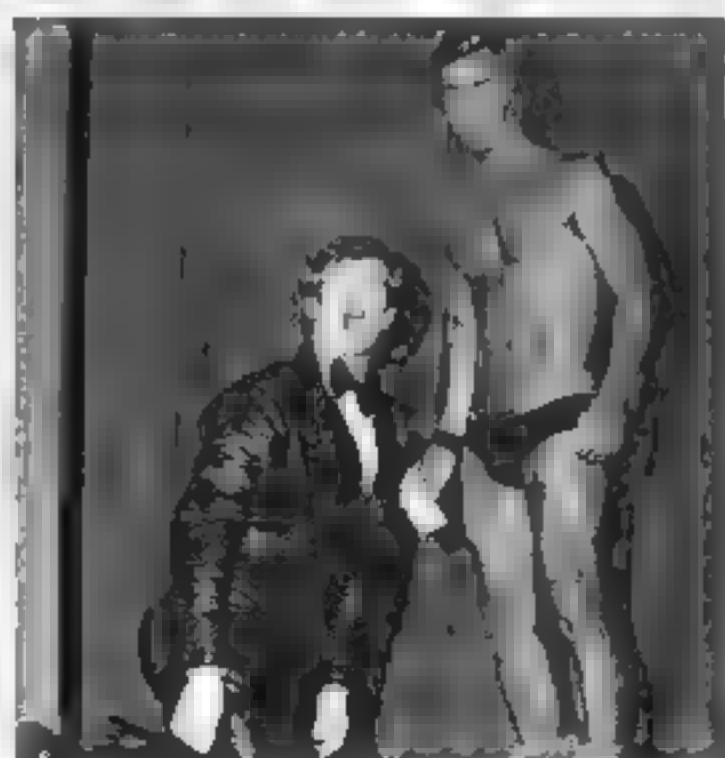


KINGMASTERS'

NIGHT OF STARS



The Kingmasters, a Los Angeles social club, presented its highly successful Night of Stars, a charity benefit for the gay community, on April 29, 1974. Among the contributing entertainers were: TOP LEFT: The Metrochords, a local singing group comprised of from left) pianist Dean Welis, bass Bruce A. Globig, tenor Dale Holland, baritone Rick Needelman, lead Mike Patterson, and musical director F. D. Craig. TOP RIGHT: The unique Beile and her accompanist, J. Gardner. ABOVE LEFT: Featured singer, Al Jarreau. ABOVE CENTER: Joe D'Amato partners Odette, Frank Williams, in the pas de deux from *Swan Lake*. ABOVE RIGHT: The very popular singer, Miss Kay Dennis. LEFT: As part of the fund-raising efforts, Paul Wolffe auctioned off his clothes. RIGHT: The winning bidder for Paul's trousers was Jeff who is impressed by the unveiling.





M.C.C.'s DEDICATION

ABOVE: A detail of the ceiling frieze in the auditorium of the new Metropolitan Community Church in downtown Los Angeles which was officially dedicated on May 5, 1975. RIGHT: A part of the ceremonies was the Procession of the Flags representing states and countries in which MCC congregations and study groups have been established. BELOW LEFT: The altar area of the new church. Officiating at the dedication were (from left) James Sandmire, minister of San Francisco's MCC; Troy Perry, MCC general conference coordinator; Frieda Smith, minister of Sacramento's MCC; "Papa" John Hose, minister of San Diego's MCC; Joseph Gilbert, minister of Phoenix's MCC; Lee Carlton, minister of Los Angeles' MCC; Richard Ploen, director of MCC's Seminary; and Willie Smith, Los Angeles' MCC minister of music. BELOW RIGHT: Metropolitan Community Church founder, Troy Perry, addresses the congregation.





special report - dance

DEMONS IN THE SOUL & WILIS IN THE WOOD

by Neal Weaver



The spring dance season in New York was almost an embarrassment of riches, at least for dance critics, who sometimes had to look sharp to avoid being booked for two or three performances on the same evening. In short order, more than a dozen companies launched their seasons, establishing beyond doubt that dance has become big business in New York.

Since it was plainly impossible to give all the companies sensible coverage in the space of one article, I zeroed in on two of them: one modern—The Martha Graham Company—and one in the romantic/classical tradition: The National Ballet of Canada.

The Martha Graham Company

As sheer legend, Martha Graham is without an equal. Her whole career has played itself out with an air of high drama. She rose from obscure and unlikely beginnings as a member of the Denishawn Company, and a dancer in *The Greenwich Village Follies* and at Radio City Music Hall. Her early performance as The Chosen One in Stravinsky's *Rite of Spring* at the old Met, and choreographic creations like *Lamentations* and *Frontier* brought her greater attention (often as not negative), and through years of hard work and determination she was able to establish her own company, and finally to achieve the status of high priestess of the dance.

She has never lacked the courage to tackle in her work the thorniest problems of human existence, to strike out in new directions, explore new creative ground, discover new means of commu-

nication, and develop new aspects of her own creative personality. And in her own person she became not only performer and choreographer, but poet, costumer, dramatist, director, psychologist and scene designer as well. (Her productions have usually had officially credited scene and costume designers, and some of them—Isamu Noguchi, for instance—have been spectacular in their own right. But regardless of who the designer is, she always gives the productions her own look, her own style, with its elegance, its classical simplicity, its extraordinary blend of the personal and the universal.)

In her long career, she has produced a body of work so large and so all-embracing that one is tempted to look to the creative giants of the past to find an apt comparison. And now that she is in her seventies, and has not danced for five years, she has proved beyond a doubt that the works can stand on their own, without the electrifying Graham performances to provide a motive force.

The new company, despite the presence of a few of the Old Guard of Graham dancers, is largely a young one. They don't quite carry the weight of human experience in their faces that marked earlier Graham dancers, but they have the look and feel of a solid Graham company, and time will doubtless provide the seasoning and experience. There is also the fact that the Graham Company, despite the strength of its female roles, has always had a magnificent complement of men. And unlike some companies one might name, they are men, with strength, solidity,

weight and authority of their own. Miss Graham's eminence has never been the kind to depend upon a setting of weak performers she could dominate.

Circe, with a score by Aram Hovhanness, deals with Ulysses, embarked on his long voyage home from the war at Troy, and falling into the hands of Circe, the enchantress who turned men into beasts. Miss Graham, as usual, is concerned with the psychological realities at the heart of the myth rather than the supernatural aspects, and this Circe relies on her own charms and force of personality to reduce men to bestiality, not on magic spells. And Isamu Noguchi's gorgeously economical setting reduces everything to poetic essentials: an abstract arch for Circe's island, and a quintessential boat for the voyage of Ulysses and his faithful Helmsman.

Janet Eilber, making her first appearance in the Circe role, was sensual as well as beautiful, catching the cooch-dancer vulgarity as well as the ruthless authority of the enchantress. But she lacks the force of will, as yet, to be a destroyer of men: one can imagine them making asses of themselves over her, but not quite being reduced to bestiality.

Ross Parkes, who, more than any of the other men in the present company, looks like a Graham dancer, is appropriately stalwart but vulnerable as Ulysses, and Tim Wengerd brings boyish good looks as well as authority and presence to the role of the faithful Helmsman who seeks to fight off the toils of the enchantress and free his captain.

The costumes, like those for *Cave of*



ABOVE In *Cave of the Heart* Takako Asakawa (center), as Medea, rages because her husband, Jason (Ross Parkes, left), has left her to marry the daughter of the king (Yuriko Kimura, seated). The Chorus (Janet Eilber, right) looks on helplessly, as the tragedy unfolds. BELOW Having destroyed her rival and her children in retaliation against her faithless husband, Medea exults in the success of her revenge. OPPOSITE William Carter is the Poet and Peggy Lyman is the Guide in *Chronique* with music by Carlos Surinach and text by St. John Perse. (The Martha Graham Company, photos by Martha Swope.)



the Heart and *Night Journey*, are brilliant but uncredited, which probably means that Miss Graham herself had a large hand in their creation. By leaving the men's bodies nearly naked, and providing the women with gowns which follow and emphasize the lines of the body, she has underlined the heavy freight of sexuality in the works, and created something elegant, archaic and strange. (Graham has never resorted to outright nudity: I suspect she would consider it cheap. She can demonstrate the potency of the body with more force and more downright eroticism than the directors who resort to flapping genitalia.)

Cave of the Heart, set to Samuel Barber music, gave us Takako Asakawa as Medea, one of the great roles Graham created originally for herself. The role is a spectacular metaphor of the hatred and malice of woman abandoned, who retreats from hurt and loss into pursuit of revenge and pure malice. And for the most part she brings it off admirably. She hasn't yet acquired Graham's dynamism, but she does succeed in glittering with malevolence.

Janet Eilber is more in command here, clearly projecting the helpless grief of the Chorus, who sees all and can do nothing. She also has the assistance of a truly magnificent costume. Yuriko Kimura captures the naive charm of the little princess who signs her own death warrant by winning the heart of Medea's husband, and Tim Wengerd (though a bit young yet for Jason) sketches with some wit the dense male vanity of an aging hero whose acquisition of a young bride so tickles his ego that he is reduced to strutting and showing off like a professional muscleman.

Mr. Noguchi and Miss Graham have also created two theatrical symbols of rare power. Mr. Noguchi has provided a tree of metallic wire, beneath which Medea retreats to watch with baleful eye the loveplay of her husband and the little princess. At the end of the piece, when her destructive work is done, she slips into the wiry framework, and it becomes her dress, her very self, its branches transformed into shiny quivering tines of malice emanating from her. It becomes a metaphor of the evil which consumes her—but it also manages to suggest the dragon chariot, which in the myth bears Medea away. The other de-





ABOVE Karen Kain and Rudolf Nureyev in Fokine's *Les Sylphides*, the familiar ballet classic set to Chopin's music. BELOW Mary Jago, Sergiu Stefanschik, Nadia Potts and Karen Kain in *Les Sylphides* as produced by Celia Franca and Erik Bruhn. OPPOSITE As *Don Juan*, Rudolf Nureyev visits a country wedding, and winds up stealing the bride (Karen Kain) while the bridegroom (Sergiu Stefanschik) looks on helplessly in the ballet by John Neumeier, set to music by Gluck and deVictoria. (The National Ballet of Canada)



vice is a piece of scarlet ribbon which Medea draws from her bosom, to play and dance with. In her hands it flickers like the tongue of some lethal serpent. One can ascribe to it no exact symbolic value, but it seems to be, at various times, her love, her hatred, her children, her heart, her self.

Chronique, with music by Carlos Surinach, and a spoken text by St. John Perse, is intricate, lyrical, lovely, and I don't pretend to understand it after one viewing. The characters are the Narrator (John Ostendorp), the Poet (William Carter), the Guide (Peggy Lyman), and the Mendicants of Evening (the Company). The names alone suggest an intent of some ambition. Obviously the subject is the poet's coming to terms with life and the world. In it are meetings and separations, a marriage, perhaps a death or two, conflicts and moments of rapport. The use of fabric and color, and in particular, the handling of a pair of velvet cloaks by William Carter and Peggy Lyman, were so elegant, so evocative, and so beautiful to look at that they alone would make the work worth seeing.

In *Night Journey*, with music by William Shumann, Graham looks at the Oedipus myth through the eyes of the mother-wife, Jocasta, who has unwittingly married her own son. For this work, Graham has created an archaic language (particularly for the Chorus and for the blind seer Tiresias) but uses it with ease and eloquence and stunning emotional immediacy.

In most of the roles that were Graham's, the Graham imprint is still there, regardless of who is dancing. They even *look* like Graham. But Pearl Lang has made Jocasta very personally her own. Where Graham was always by definition spectacular, Lang gives Jocasta a touch of the ordinary. She becomes a nice, modest, pleasant woman whose life is suddenly catapulted into the realm of tragic drama, despite her common sense. And there is a moving sense of a middle-aged woman not ready for all this, unable to conceive of herself as a creature marked out for passionate love and violent death.

There is also a rich personal vein in the character, which gains additional force from the grandeur of the mythological setting. There is one moment, in her love scene with Oedipus, when Miss





Pearl Lang as One Who Dances in Martha Graham's *Letter to the World*, an evocation of the life and work of poet Emily Dickinson. (Photo by Martha Swope.)

Lang, terrified yet fascinated by his animal force, finds herself sitting on the floor in a position somehow dangerously open and vulnerable, her skirt slipped a shade higher than dignity can permit. She is caught, hesitating, entranced by the prospect of opening herself up to this man-creature, yet fearful lest such vulnerability will result in the destruction of everything she has until this moment thought herself to be. Three times she pulls her skirt down, and pulls it up again, before finally surrendering herself. It's an incredible moment.

If Jason was Miss Graham's acid comment on male vanity, Oedipus is her recognition of male strength and force. And Ross Parkes as Oedipus is almost obscene in his insistent, confident sexuality. When he mounts the pedestal on which Jocasta sits, and stands over her, so that her face is on a level with his thigh, he is not only male sexuality, but also male ruthlessness, ready to annihilate the woman if needs be, to fulfill his own needs and his own pride. Jocasta is left helpless, doomed if she stays, yet unable to flee.

Here Graham has made the most of her celebrated use of fabric, not only as an element of decoration and spectacle, but symbolically and dramatically. Her use of stripes alone could make a fashion designer pea-green with envy. But Oedipus' cloak (surely one of the most bizarrely ingenious garments ever devised) somehow embodies his pride as

well as his fate, and once Jocasta is enveloped in it, both we and she know she is lost. And the rope of love and sensuality which binds her to Oedipus ultimately becomes the rope with which she hangs herself. (Now that I think about it, there is also something umbilical about that cord.)

Letter to the World, set to Hunter Johnson's music, is Graham's biographical evocation of the New England poetess Emily Dickinson. It deals with the poet's love of nature, her growing up, and her attempts to free herself from the deathridden Puritan tradition (here embodied in the character of The Ancestress, danced with raw-boned power by Armgard von Bardeleben), in order to live and love. She does escape, for a while at least, and she does fall in love. But the lover is a product of the same Puritan tradition, and The Ancestress claims him in the end.

Phyllis Gutelius, making her debut in this role, navigated with skill and precision the varying moods and colors of One Who Dances, and Jean Erdman, in the role she created, lent strength, grace and conviction to the alter ego, One Who Speaks. She occasionally gets a little coy—but so, alas, does Emily Dickinson. And there can be few performers around who can both speak and move as well as Miss Erdman.

William Carter was an authoritative, attractive, and ultimately tormented lover, and David Hatch Walker was cheery, zippy, and impudent in a green



William Carter as the blind seer Tiresias in Graham's retelling of the Oedipus legend, *Night Journey*. (Photo by Martha Swope.)

velvet tailcoat as the month of March, a mischievous young chap who stirs up all sorts of things. The Ancestress mortally disapproves of

Appalachian Spring, set to Aaron Copeland's familiar score, is an authentic piece of Americana. We see a wedding, a Bride, a Husbandman (husband and farmer), a devout Pioneer Matriarch, a Revivalist Minister, and his flock of four teenaged Followers who haven't yet learned to distinguish between the ecstasy of a wedding, the ecstasy of religious belief, and the ecstasy of adolescence and sex.

The Bride dreams of babies, and caresses her new doorstep. The Husbandman dreams, and leans on a fence to survey his land. The Preacher conceals a furtive passion for the Bride. The Pioneer Woman prays and advises, and pleasures in the cycle of love, marriage, birth. She is mother, aunt, the race itself.

In a brief span of time, we are given all the nuances of the human event, hints at its sorrows as well as its joys. It is classical in its simple richness, funny as well as moving, a perfect thing in its way.

The costumes, after original designs by Edythe Gilfond, are as evocative in their utterly different way as those in the Greek pieces. The Bride's ruffles and the Matriarch's straight but ample skirt sketch their characters before they ever start to move.

Peggy Lyman, as the Pioneering Woman, shares the knack with Armgard von Bardeleben, of seeming to be about twelve feet tall when she wants to be. Her long-legged elegance and her cheekbones make her a magnificent pioneer. Daniel Maloney, by the very fact that he is black (as well as being a fine dancer) adds an extra dimension to the role of the Revivalist Minister. Ross Parkes is strong, sensitive, and somehow terribly trustworthy as the land-loving Husbandman. Yuriko Kimura makes the Bride softer, more delicate—less of a pioneer, in fact—than she has been in the hands of other dancers. But it is a valid characterization, executed with expertise and grace. And Lucinda Mitchell, Judith Hogan, Bonnie Oda and Diana Hart are quite perfect as the ecstatic flibbertygibbets who follow after the revivalist, lost in reverence, admiration, and their own delicately budding sexuality.

The National Ballet of Canada

The National Ballet of Canada is not a young company (it made its official debut in 1951) but it is still a new company for many American audiences—though TV viewers may recall the CBC televised versions of Erik Bruhn's production of *Swan Lake*, and *Cinderella*, in a production by the National's guardian angel and co-artistic director, Celia Franca.

The company's history is in itself almost a Cinderella story. Its founders had such slender financial resources that when, in 1950, they imported Miss Franca from England to lay the groundwork for the company-to-be, they could not pay her salary, and she had to earn her living working in a Toronto department store while trying to create a major ballet company.

But the 20 years of effort have paid off, resulting in a large and handsome company intent on developing a style of its own, an ambitious repertoire, and a growing international reputation. And its material condition has been much improved, during its two American tours, by acquiring as its stellar attraction and box-office magnet the ever-spectacular Rudolf Nureyev.

The company's touring repertoire has a faint 19th century air, but that's probably sound business practice. Many ballet fans clearly prefer the previous century to the present one, and New York balletomanes turned out in such droves that the company was immediately booked for a return engagement during the summer.

That old warhorse of the romantic repertoire, *Les Sylphides*, was seen here in a new production by Celia Franca and Erik Bruhn. One can't cavil with the production: audiences still produce audible sighs of rapture when the curtain rises on the blue-and-green-lit, wooded garden with its *corps de ballet* grouped in artful tableaux. And it does provide a showcase for several of the company's ballerinas (Karen Kain, Mary Jago and Veronica Tennant on the night I saw it), with Nureyev and Sergiu Stefanschi alternating as the poet. I didn't see Mr. Nureyev in the role, but Mr. Stefanschi seemed altogether too cheerful and too lacking in ardor for the stereotypical romantic poet. It was graceful, pretty, and slightly soporific, lacking the kind of electricity and panache which would

restore the faded valentine to contemporary life.

Nureyev first came into view, with Nadia Potts, in the *pas de deux* from *The Flower Festival in Genzano*. This has been a showpiece for Mr. Nureyev, off and on, since almost the beginning of his career. It is ideally suited to showing off his athleticism and his virtuosity. But inevitably, since he has been called upon to dance it so often, its meaning has largely evaporated, and it has gradually become something resembling a circus turn: exciting, even dazzling to watch, but more an athletic event than an aesthetic one. And I'd much prefer to watch Mr. Nureyev doing something which involves his mind and heart as well as his body.

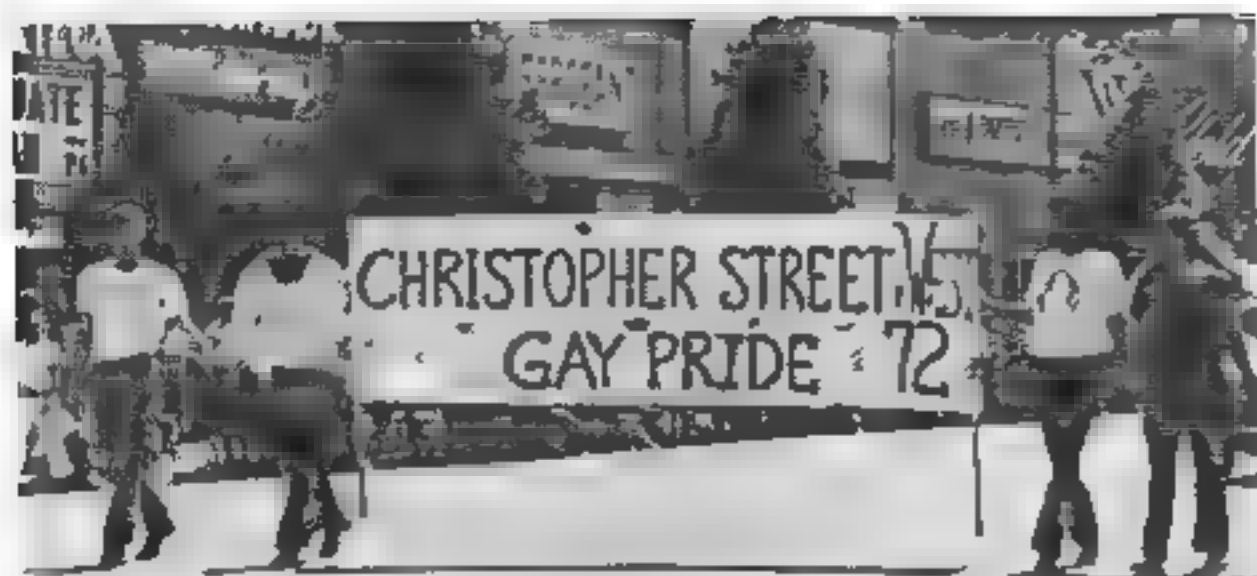
The audience was clearly there to see Nureyev, with the result it seemed hardly to notice Miss Potts' first variation, which received only perfunctory applause. But, challenged, perhaps, she then went on to win the enthusiastic approval of the crowd, matching her partner's star charisma with fire and dash of her own. By the time she was done, the respect of the balletomanes

Continued on Page 90



ABOVE Ross Parkes as Oedipus in *Night Journey*.
BELOW Diane Gray as Jocasta, queen, mother and wife, in Martha Graham's *Night Journey*. (Photos by Martha Swope.)





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IN TOUCH dines out

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Little Joe's, 325 Columbus Ave. (nr Broadway) is one long counter and only serious Italian eating is permitted. There is fast service, once you get a stool. My visit was Osso Buco (braised veal shanks with marrow), "pesto" pasta, scallopini—awash with melted parmigiana cheese and a Marsala gravy, quick-cooked cauliflower/zucchini combo, bread/butter, a glass of vino and a long walk for dessert (\$6). The door locks at 7:30.

One of a pair of astoundingly "visual" restaurants is The Old Spaghetti Factory & Excelsior Coffee House at 480 Green St. (near Grant). For me, it's been "their" clam sauce since my beatnik days—and re-toppings of any sauce is still permitted. Clientele has become prom-night traffic and regulars—but don't stay away! Try the steamed-beer and relax (ha, ha), because on your third round, they automatically call a cab. Bring \$3.50.

That "sister" establishment is around the corner at 1438 Grant Ave., The Savoy Tivoli. The decor throughout is by Joseph St. Armand, Esq., and is holding up handsomely... yes, the chicken eggs are still there. The saloon opens around five, and that great stemwear is all you see. The dining room with its silvered-palm trees and splash fountain, go up at 6PM on the dot, till 11 PM daily. Continental menu items (try the Paella) abound, but for memory's sake I had lentil soup, sourdough and red wine with the cheese and fruit tray (\$4). If it's 8:30ish on a Thursday, Friday or Saturday night, wander back to the Dorothy Lamour Room and laugh with The Wing, the Savoy's resident improvisational group.

I'm next discovered perched on a simple barstool at Tosca Cafe, 242 Columbus Ave. (near Broadway) sipping their famous house drink. I've sipped many a Cappuccino here in this—always

clean, always dignified—Roma-style cafe. With that touch of cioccolato, this supremo cappuccino is a well-invested 90 cents.

Union Street has become a big fat 'E' coupon and should be strolled during a weekday lunch period. For "that" sandwich, hit Coffee Cantata's delicious spinoff, The Deli, at 1980 Union, but go before 11:30 AM. For pure tourist joy, insist on the patio, a roast beef on rye with slaw, plus Brown's Celery soda (\$3.50).

Over to Sausalito (Note: the "old" turnoff, after the bridge, is now named "Alexander Ave.") to try the "new" Gatsby's located at 39 Caledonia Street (near the north end of town fire station). The only right thing about this "domus" modern, high-school-girl run, guitar-playing/singer, and "have-another-drink-while-you're-waiting," superb-

square... eh... restaurant(?), is the named attraction—"deep-dish" Chicago pizza!! Layers of goodies, such as raw onions, stewed tomatoes, large crumbles of sausage, wedges of mushrooms and puddles of various cheeses—slowly(!) cooked while entrusted to a cheese/crumb dough just beyond great adjectives. An unbelievable taste treat worth waiting for. However, I recommend you order it to go, call 332-4500, medium size \$5.

Back in town, and over to 1426 Polk "Strasse" (near Bush) sits Kent's Chicken Shop. Do I hear some giggling? They have "chix" sandwiches, turnovers, salad, pies, or just fried pieces, but only turkey if you come late afternoon. Plus corn stix (7 cents), potato salad or cole slaw (50 cents/pint). Highly recommended for the "walking" gourmet. For bulk orders "to go," call 776-9191.

Buy yourself a memory—especially for a Sunday brunch—in possibly the "most beautiful dining room in the world" Located at Market and New Montgomery in the Sheraton-Palace Hotel is The Garden Court. This enormous glass-domed room, encircled with exquisite crystal chandeliers and soaring marble columns, is early San Francisco elegance that is still strived for. The waiters and the table-service are mostly silvered and vintage. And... the fashion shows, on the first and third Tuesdays of the month, will tickle your "funny face." Just bring money.

Now if it is quiet, off-the-street dining, in a casual "come-as-you-are" style, try the "nelli-deli" at Dave's Baths, 100 Broadway. Great homemade sandwiches and soup for \$2. Maybe Jeff will whip you up one of those "health" drinks. The dining rooms are small, but there's linen, yet not everyone eats here, but it's nice to know there is nourishment. Of course, as will happen, competition exists across town at the Ritch Street Baths Cafe, 330 Ritch St. They have a three-floor munch area and a sitdown cafe overlooking the water (Minoan Pool?). Guys were leaving perfectly "health"-ey food, rushing off to get a piece of pastry... It put me into a "maze"! They have a grill, plus gooey sundaes. Oh... enough is enough!

—BILL ARSENEAUX



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Californians are especially fortunate to live in a climate so well suited to year-round outdoor living where variety is the way of life in our gardens and landscaping. Here indeed is a place for Oriental gardening.

If you have a nice plot of earth for your garden, you may want to set it apart from the rest of your yard with an arch. Three lengths of wood, poles or bamboo will do. Place two of them in the ground as supports for the third which will form a cross-brace or lintel.

If you use wood beams, they can be smooth or rough or distressed, but please: leave them natural—or perhaps stain them. No paint. The natural weathered look is best.

The three sections of the arch may be secured together with nails or wrapped and tied at the corner joints with rope to give the archway extra flavor and charm.

If you want to get fancier with your entry arch, a nice effect is a peaked roof covered with shingles, grass, bamboo or tiles. Another nice touch is a gate of a style compatible with the arch.

Bamboo weathers very well, is strong and lasts for a long time even in the worst weather. It is a perfect character touch for any garden, a nice way to say "Welcome."

And what leads to a gate and through it and beyond? The path, of course. Another vital ingredient in your garden it can vary from the simplicity of a lamped earth pathway to something much more elaborate. The possibilities are numerous. Your own taste and requirements are the best guide.

A simple winding gravel path leading to a small pond, stone bench or lantern or just from one place to another throughout the garden says and does so much. If not gravel you might choose polished river rock—all black (really Mexican pebbles)—or assorted earth colors. You can buy them from most garden supply centers by the "scoop" or in 50 and 100-pound burlap bags. Stones of assorted sizes from one-half inch to four inches make a beautiful path.

In addition to gravel or river rock, you may prefer large flat steppingstones or flagstones, patio stones: round, square or rectangle, or even chunks of broken concrete. Wood may also be used. Redwood rounds are nice and so are railroad ties, cut in half and staggered vertically and horizontally.

If you want the path to be weed free, I advise putting down heavy plastic with a thin layer of sand between it and the surface material of the path. It's also possible to create a nice path with large

steppingstones that allow the grass, dichondra or moss to grow around them.

Although a variety of materials can be used to create the walkway, don't overdo it. Simplicity is elegance. And don't hesitate to put in lots of turns and twists along your path—a sure enticement for any traveler.

An entry and a path are only the preview to the main feature: your plants.

A tree—pine or maple—here and there is nice and perhaps a clump of bamboo, miniature or giant. There are several kinds to choose from, some of which do very well in containers. Azaleas are good as well as mums and evergreen junipers. *Pyracantha* is effective if you keep it pruned. Pomegranate and elms are lovely and ginkgo is excellent but also scarce. Palms of the sago-miniature type are good. Stay away from the tall ones. Succulents can be worked in well in many places throughout the garden. Orchids are even good.

As ground covers grass—especially Korean grass—and dichondra are both nice, and of course, moss is excellent.

If you can work it in, try to create one special little spot for just sitting and thinking—for meditation, perhaps. A stone bench somewhere along the path—perhaps near a bend—offers a respite for any visitor.

Needless to say, a fountain or waterfall has untold worth. The pleasant trickle of water falling in the quiet of your garden is a pleasure and a comfort that nerve pills and aspirin can't buy. Of course, if you can't do the real thing you can simulate it with careful groupings of rocks and sand to create the effect of a dried-up pool or stream bed.

Whatever you do, remember that the total effect will only be as good as all of the parts, particularly in something as precise as an Oriental garden. The plants are the important thing. Although I have dwelt primarily with the other touches, it is your choice of plants that will make the garden that special communion place where you and nature can come together.

If it's pleasant and peaceful, if its lines are simple and uncluttered, if it makes you happy to be there, then you have achieved the most from the planning of your garden. Care for it and nourish it, and it will do the same for you.

—FRED JEROLE



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the **IN TOUCH** host

It seems that after some time, your friendly magazine has decided to try the IN TOUCH "Host" page again.

Perhaps, and very briefly, we should consider that word "host." Most obviously it indicates one who "has a guest or guests, in his—or her home"; and after a certain period feels that food of some kind should be offered. At this point, the whole thing may begin to be more complicated. The friend who has stayed the night will certainly expect breakfast. If it's a visit of several days, here'll be more breakfasts, and dinners as well. Some hosts simply and truthfully say that "they don't cook" and all meals are taken out at restaurants.

In another aspect, being a host often greatly depends on the guest, or—heaven forbid!—guests. Suppose your guest is one whom you've just met. After a while, perhaps he suggests that he missed dinner at home. This is surely your cue as host to feed him. Perhaps a further acquaintance could be forthcoming. Suggest a restaurant and take him to it. Possibly after a pleasant and effortless meal, both your attitudes will have changed. Batteries recharged, new ideas may be in view. Anyway, so much, more or less, for the casual guest.

Of more concern to our host is the guest definitely invited to a meal. Usually this situation indicates some time for planning and preparation. One might add here that the finest of meals, served in the best of restaurants, are principally the result of planning and preparation. Of course, quality ingredients as well as basic know-how have added import.

Most of us eat much too much fried foods so why not a roast? Fine! What kind of a roast? Well, there's always beef. But a choice prime rib is expensive! There's lamb, but for some reason,

not a lot of people in the West don't eat lovely, juicy, flavorful lamb. They never have and they're not about to start veal. It's not only very expensive but it's very hard to find in Southern California for some unknown reason. It seems that we've narrowed it down to a pork roast. Always in good supply, it's the least expensive of the major meats just now, and almost everyone likes it.

A few days in advance, ask your friendly neighborhood butcher to bone out a small to medium-sized leg of fresh pork. This will weigh about 13 pounds. After the bones are taken out, there'll be about 8-8½ pounds of quite solid meat. Sadly, you'll still have to pay for the bones. 'Twas ever thus.

At home, remove the rind or skin, and trim away any excess fat; about a 1/3-inch cover is fine. This may be scored if you wish. Some part of this soft, trimmed fat may be saved for the center mixture. While this entree cannot be properly classed as a stuffed or filled pork roast (these are other dishes), we find that a small, savory mixture in the center of our roast adds greatly to the flavor and succulence. So it is suggested that you take:

- 1 c. some kind of cereal granola
- ½ c. chopped pecans
- 1 large piece of fresh garlic, minced fine
- 2 Tbs. minced parsley
- a small bunch of green onions, with inch of green, chopped fine
- a small tart cooking apple, cored, peeled, chopped no more than ½ c.
- of chopped trimmed fat (see above)

Mix all these; add some salt and pepper, and lay it along the center of your boneless leg of pork, to within an inch at each end. Down at the smaller end, turn the thinner pieces inside. Then carefully roll and tightly tie up the roast. Make a cup or so of a marinade: ½ c. soy sauce, ½ c. honey; ½ c. brown sugar; 2 Tbs. Kitchen Bouquet. Put this mixture into

a small pan—like a bread pan—and put the roast into it. Put in the bottom of the fridge, turning several times, for 24 hours.

Take roast from sauce and let it drain well on a rack. Preheat the oven to 450°. Put a rack in a roast pan, and have about a half-inch of water in the pan, under the rack. Put the roast on the rack, and into the oven. Turn it every 10-12 minutes, until it has begun to brown lightly and evenly, and the water in the pan has dried up, or nearly so. Reduce heat to 325°, and continue to roast for 2-2½ hours. A long fork tine, or a thin, sharp knife, put deeply into the heavy part of the meat should exude a whitish juice. If the juice is at all pink, the pork needs more roasting, perhaps another 30 minutes. This is a slow roast, and its principal values are that it does not dry up the meat as do hotter ovens, nor does it cause the roast to shrink. Also, one must baste and turn the roast every 20 minutes or so for even cooking. Use the marinade as a basting sauce. What may be left in the pan, when finally taken from the oven, should have the excess fat removed from the surface. The rest may be spooned over the roast. Let the roast (any roast) set for about 20 minutes before slicing it.

Served either hot or cold, this pork roast is the base of a delicious meal that will be remembered. Green vegetables, a salad, and a simple dessert of fruit, possibly with cheese, are indicated as well.

Your host hopes that you have enjoyed our little talk. Perhaps next month we'll discuss that great summer favorite, which is so easy to make at home, ice cream!

—LOU RAND HOGAN



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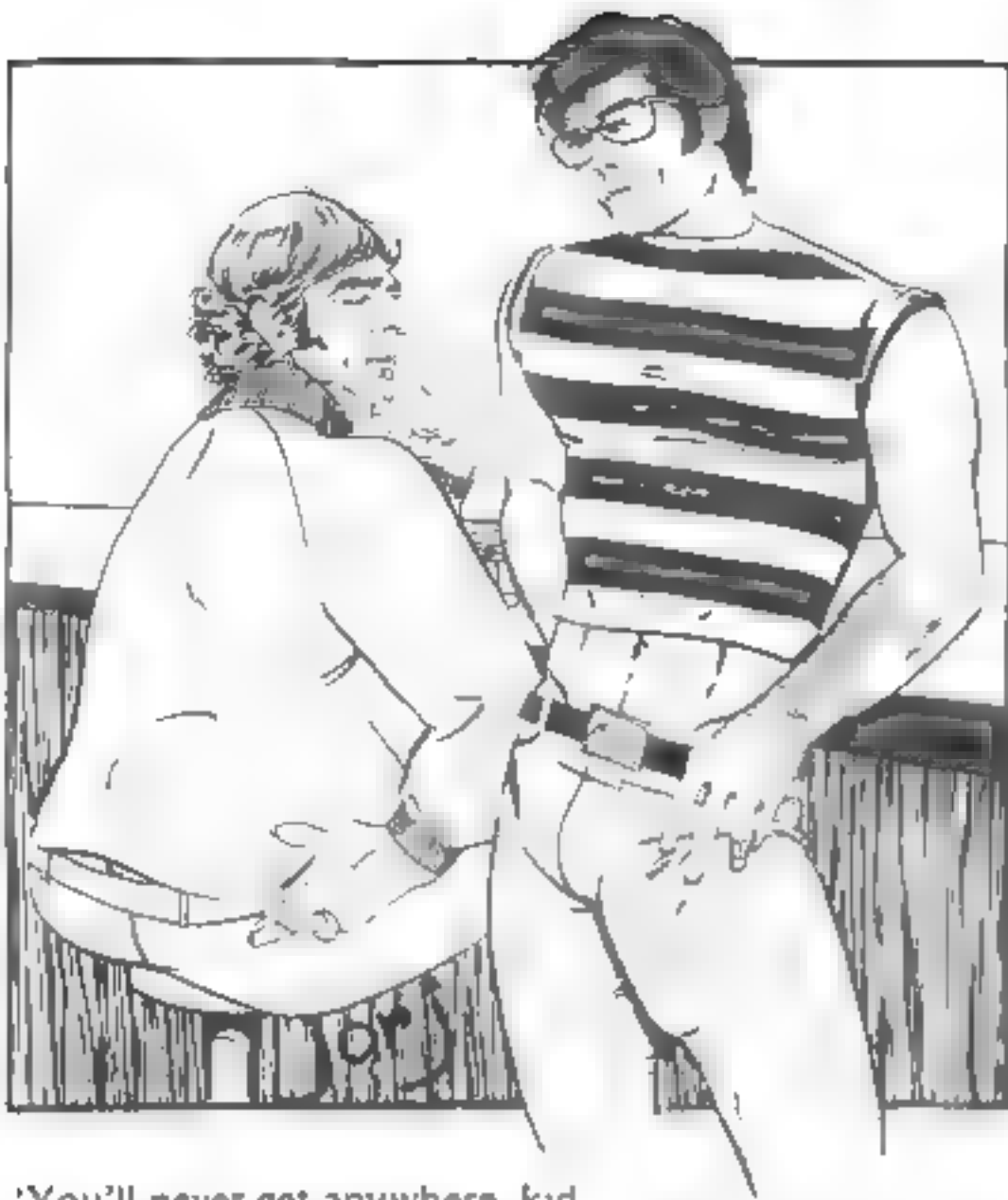
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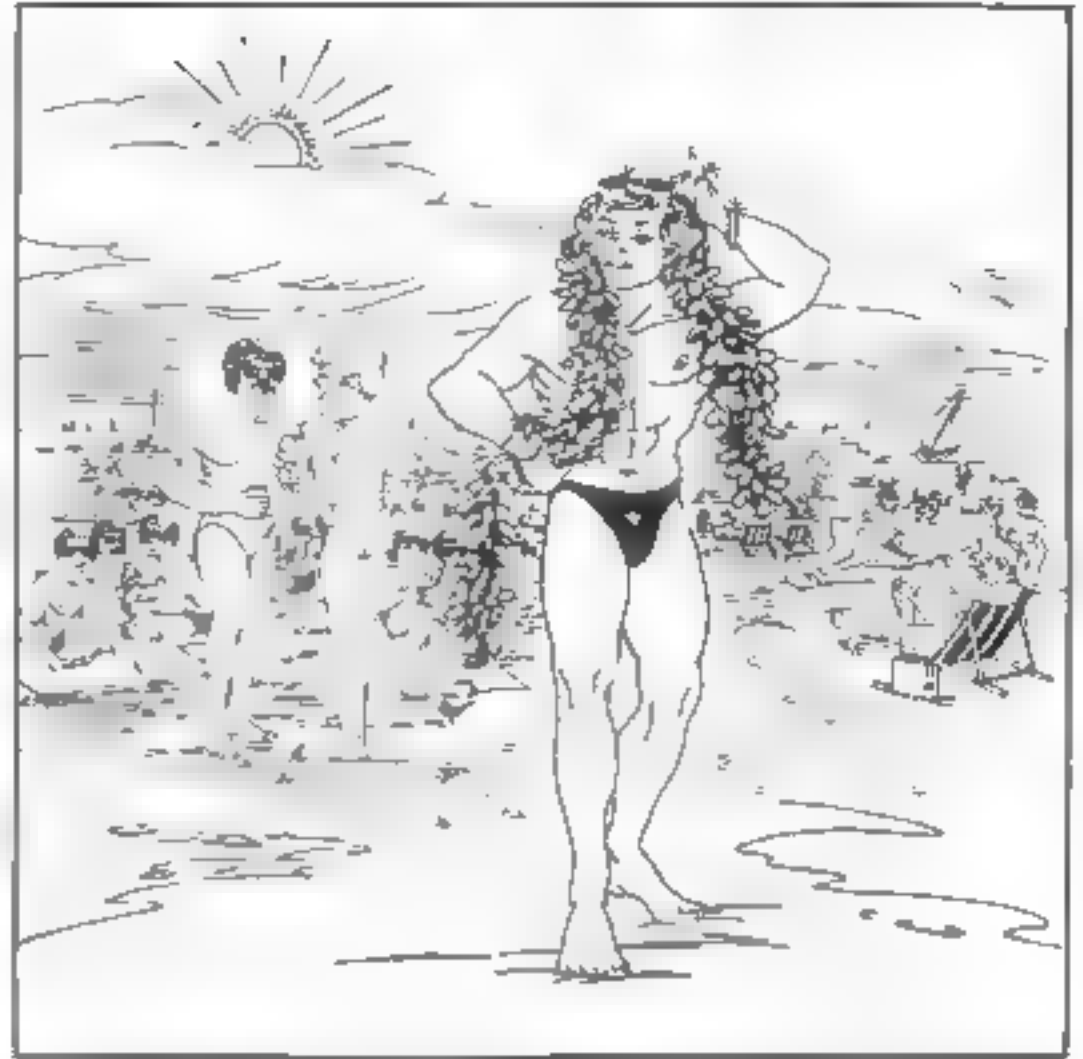
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did a lot of *three-sheeting*—you use telephone poles, heralds under windshields, throwaways. . . . I said: 'I'll get you a standing ovation'."

"Charles doubted this."

"I dusted off the elevator, never used before in the ten-year history of the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion. I thought if they're going to spend \$8.50, I want to give them the very best. I wanted a full orchestra. Robin Frost did the orchestrations. Instead of the normal thirty seconds to take the house lights out, I took two and a half minutes. . . . just a little darker—darker—a psychological thing—two tympanists in the orchestra—they began 'San Francisco' stop—'Open Your Golden Gate' stop—for four bars—then a huge drum tympany roll—the house was now out—lights came up in the pit way below audience level—again a change of key—'San Francisco' 'Open Your Golden Gate'—stop four bars—the excitement is now mounting to *fever pitch*—they are starting to applaud—for the third time—a change of key—now, they began to see my rising orchestra—it was simply *too much* for them!—they are starting to get to their feet right there—then I cut directly to the song 'Hooray for Hollywood'—by that time, the orchestra had risen twenty-two feet to the stage level and we segued into all the songs associated with the great ladies Charles was going to portray."

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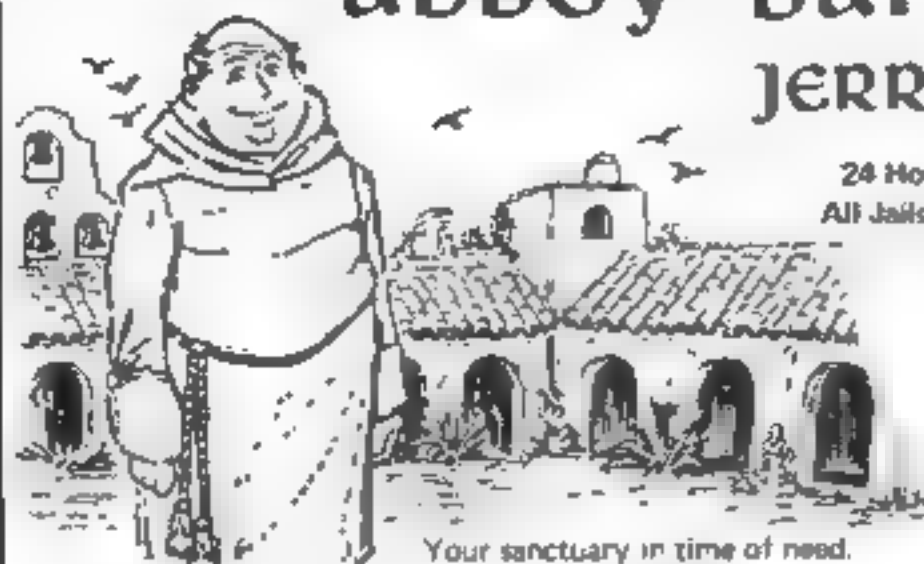
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films

yond wondering which kind of gore is in store for us next, her performance makes us feel cruelly robbed of her character. Hugh Griffith, as the executor of her estate, brings rich meaning to the irony of the script. His talk of money beams out of his narrow eyes with all the evil that should be on the blood-stained soul of the murderer and he rings his hands with all the greed that murder can buy. And also, by the way, he is a business lawyer quite willing to relieve the burden of grief from the bereaved with his business connections.

Michael Jayston tried to make something out of a nothing role, a combination antagonist and narrator mostly undeveloped. He took a police inspector's moral indignation at the brutal sacrificial murders of innocent young girls and turned it into the obsession of a sadistic cop to get his man. He does it well, but probably shouldn't have been allowed to and certainly shouldn't have



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ad to. Craze, ho-hum. The last sacrifice

A movie that is nothing but a chase should have to be a damned good chase. Dirty Mary and Crazy Larry is nothing but a chase and it is a pretty damned good chase but it couldn't be said to be any more than that. Even as a chase it doesn't have an exciting frequency on the whole. It is rather mono-leveled. Any given sequence has plenty of fine, breathtaking stunts and is edited at a perfect c. p. It can be likened to a roller coaster ride without any of the small bumps and no single large climb or drop. It just goes on and on and on and ends.

Susan George is fresh and exciting and interesting to watch for about three minutes before you realize she isn't going to do anything throughout the entire film other than her one little half-pouting, half-puckish routine, which, of course, is perfect for the action of the film. It is a narrow-minded male chauvinistic kind of action that needs no depth at all from its female lead. The production had little room for her, which may explain the half pout. The script, on the other hand, seemed to have traces of dialogue with some insight into the workings of minds on a violent rampage. Without hurting the fast clip of the action scenes, it seems these lines could have at least been interpreted. It is hard to say who is to blame. Obviously the priority was to the production value of the stunts and there was no time to get into character on any more than a superficial level while running around blowing up cars and seeing if people could come as close to getting killed as possible. That Susan George was able to hold her monotone performance at such a perfect pitch is, perhaps, to be highly congratulated but now that she is out of the nightmare of such dangerous farce she may not care to be reminded.

Peter Fonda is cool. He goes back, almost, to playing Blue in this film but doesn't bring the moody compassion of that character from *Wild Angels* but rather gives a highly tempered psychotic. If you look close you can see he is chewing gum. He almost uses it. Everything is underplayed so that the action can move on. What a bore!

—DAVID MINTON



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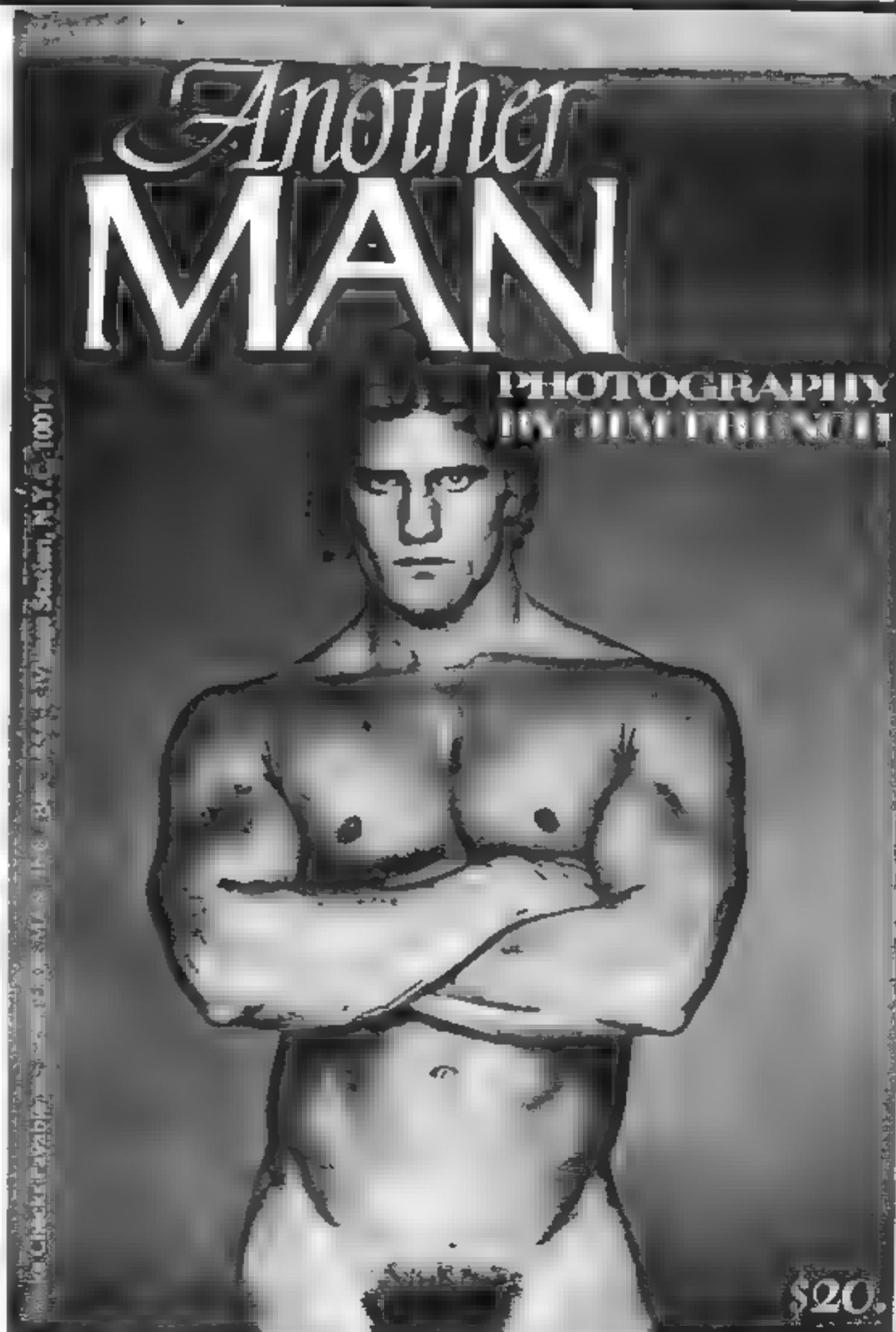
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Deeper into the gay scene are The New York Dolls with *Too Much, Too Soon* (Mercury SRM-1-1001). These little street ragamuffins seem to be next to impossible to get on record if you've ever seen one of their stunning concerts. They are hard to capture. The first LP missed by miles. This new try is better and closer but still not right on. The guys do seem more secure and better accustomed to a recording studio. When they tackle a campy oldie like "Stranded in the Jungle," it all comes together, works and works well. So, what the hell if it isn't their image . . . it's great fun and in glitter-rock that seems to be the name of the game. One cut that does tip, very clearly, their image is "Who Are the Mystery Girls?" It just nearly makes it for these hard to tab lads. I think a new producer might help and, maybe, next time.

Sylvester doesn't have the Dolls' problems. His trip has been completely captured and well-encased in vinyl. Now, if he could only just get a little bit of exposure, he'd be the next big star of music. This escapee from, and major driving force of, the Cockettes, is musically unafraid. Along with his excellent (finally!) new group, he's come out with a brilliant, smashing new *serious* drag LP, Sylvester and the Hot Band (Blue Thumb BTS-45). Don't even ask about the effect of a full drag performer on radio people. Please! He does deserve the airplay though. He's great. Perhaps some number D) will slip it on the turntable before he's realized it but it's not likely. Too bad. Sylvester has an absolutely incredible talent. Just listen to him attack everything from hard rock in "I'm a Steam Roller" right on to the gritty dark blues of Billie Holiday and Bessie Smith with "God Bless the Child" (giving it a startling new depth in a gay setting) and "Gimme a Pigfoot," a



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splendid Twenties turn, every nuance true to Bessie. He has that gift of calling back an entire era with ease. Happily, his sales have taken off like a shot in his home campground, San Francisco, where he frequently performs. The cross-country grapevine isn't quite crackling him along fast enough. This is an LP that we should all own. Trust me. If you like Midler, you'll love Sylvester. He can do everything she can do better than she. It's real and brilliantly alive. Get it. Then tell all your friends about it! They should get it too!

From crossover dress, to Bi-rock, to genderfuck, to full drag, records finally had to arrive at totally gay. And arrive they have. It began with What Did You Expect (Folkways FS 8582) by Michael Cohen (IN TOUCH, April 1974). Preceding this the only other record that was and is available with a true gay way was This Is Me, Mickey. It can still be purchased through the mail from Mickey Enterprises, P.O. Box 156, Torrance, CA 90507. Unlike Cohen, Mickey doesn't write his own material but relies on conventional boy/girl songs done man to man. Now in the Cohen vein we do have another new truly gay, original LP Steve Grossman's Caravan Tonight (Mercury SRM-1-702) is a good, solid LP. It's not quite up to Cohen's but why quibble with a good thing since there is so little of it. He's deep into what was once referred to as folk-rock. As a performer his style and approach is good but his shining point is as a lyricist. Musically he tends to be a bit repetitious. Like Cohen he is a gifted poet. Grossman doesn't have Cohen's dark, sometimes bitter, street tough. He tends to look at gaydom through a multicolored filter. This works very well indeed, sometimes, like in the title tune—about cruising—playing the fine, fragile song well against the subject matter. I got off better on "Dry Dock Dreaming," fl.p., funny, with a bit of grit. Alas, the approach didn't do it at all on "Christopher's Blues." Still, there are several cuts that could get and deserve airplay. They aren't nearly as far-out as Mott, Reed or Bowie. Keep your fingers crossed. With all this Gay-Chic trip happening all we need is one unafraid DJ and Cohen and Grossman could start a whole new trend, Gay Rock

The ladies who glitter aren't doing so well. Bette Midler still remains the queen of the camp. There are no contenders to her throne. All the chicks who are trying, remain merely pretenders. One member of her old back-up group, The Harlots, is making a stab at it. Melissa Manchester has a real way with the jitter-buggy Forties. Her latest, *Bright Eyes* (Bell 1303), is good but still won't strike the particular bull's-eye it's obviously aimed at. The problem is that she's misaimed. She has a tremendous talent. She can sing with the best of them. She just has no taste for camp. Re-aim her right and she'll be a major star. Dana Gillespie is well aimed. Her RCA LP, *Wasn't Born a Man* (RCA ARL 1-0354), was produced by David Bowie. He got it on with the Reed album, *Transformer*, but it didn't happen this time. There is one good track, "Andy Warhol." One tune does not an album make, however. This one lacks the raw drive or the slick snap to pull it off. The cover is really the best thing about the whole enterprise. It's cheap, flashy trash. The costume looks like it was ripped off Tim Curry. Once in a while, Ms. Gillespie does hint at all the fun the cover has to offer and perhaps in the future she and Davey Baby can bring it off. Better luck next time.

The problem may be that these ladies are headed in the wrong direction altogether. There is only one Midler and she's probably a phenomenon, one-of-a-kind and not a trend starter at all. Even she's changing her act a bit in fear of dead-ending. There is on the horizon one frisky English chick who's striking out on her own. Her answer? Easy! If the guys are into net and sequins, what about leather vests and leather pants for chicks? She did it. It worked. Her entrance into the tough leather regions of music are explored in Suzi Quatro (Bell 1302). Just recently she blew the lid off the local musical scene with an astounding concert that had audiences, critics and ticket sellers doing flips. One skin-tingling turn of this album on your stereo will tell you why. Give a listen to "Skin Tight" and watch out! Try her version of the Beatles' "I Wanna Be Your Man" (1). Believe me, if Bowie is the new Queen of rock, he may have to share the throne. Suzi looks like she's going to claim the crown of King!

—HUGH HARRISON

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theatre

negligee. I hate to go on like this but Diana Maddox has directed in an unforgivable fashion. Just when I thought to myself, *Oh no, she'll never try to get away with that*, this is precisely what she tries to do.

If the scene fails to make the most febrile stab at reality, she is content if it is pretty and the actors move well. Indeed, Edgard Johnson has dressed them up in the most staggeringly gorgeous raiment. This *Romeo and Juliet* is a pageant if nothing else. Mr. Matheson gets more startlingly beautiful every time he comes onstage and, for some, that might be more than enough. But it is a crime to cast him as Romeo when the brilliant Michael Horton would be so devastating in the role. Instead, he is wasted on Balthasar. Not all of the Repertory musical chairs go empty. Lois Foraker goes from a fine Maria to a marvelous nurse. Jenifer Henn, barely 21, plays Lady Capulet with a clarity of style that resembles limpid water and Anthony DeLongis has staged the duels with blazing

excitement and a precision that bespeaks hours of arduous planning in rehearsal. However, when the actors turn into corpses, they lie on the stage still, breathing heavily. As for the props, the bejeweled masks are stunning but decanters are carried onstage with nothing in them and vacant goblets are quaffed with hearty, phony zeal. In conclusion, if you have no suitable Romeo or Juliet, pray what is the purpose in mounting this particular play?

Gershwin's *Porgy and Bess* is one of the greatest folk operas in the history of musical theatre. And the Ahmanson, under the director perennially associated with it (Ella Gerber), has produced a masterpiece of staggering proportions. It is a virtual cornucopia of unending beauty. Public relations associate, Marvin Schwartz, told me they combed the United States for the voices and I can well believe him. I have never heard *Porgy*, from an overall standpoint, so devastatingly sung. The opera takes on a luster that is well nigh unbelievable for an American work, sung in English, thirty-nine years old. It moves with such

intensity I could make few notes during its unfolding, something unheard of for me. I generally can write freely in the dark with the aid of a lighted clipboard but, in this instance, I simply could not afford a moment to miss anything. Robert Randolph has set and lit this in a manner that defies description. I have never beheld anything like it in my life. A fully functional set glides effortlessly on a turntable against a scrim that can be anything he wants it to be. any shade of morning, noon or night and even pre-hurricane conditions. Hundreds of latticework windows and doors open and slam shut on cue with no trouble whatever and there must be at least 1006 intricate light directions attached to each working performance. Arthur Boccia has created costumes of gloriously matched hues, enormously complementary to black folk, and perhaps a shade too elegant for poverty-stricken residents of Catfish Row to wear on a picnic. The hats he has whipped up will bring them back into fashion again. They are stylish, rakish, delightful. Sportin' Life's outfits are incredibly dapper and, for such a high-liver, maybe too tasteful. The voices, as I have mentioned earlier, are something else. Such an aggregation of rich, creamy sopranos and mezzo-contraltos have rarely been heard in these parts. My performance rendered a mixed blessing. I hate to find fault with anything about this gorgeous show but Robert Mosley was occasionally vocally insecure in the more strenuous passages of his *Porgy* and "I Got Plenty of Nothin'" was sung entirely off key. I cannot imagine any of the alternate Bess's to be as good as Leona Mitchell's. Hers is an absolute dream, not the sexiest Bess around, but certainly a flawless singing one. I could listen to her forever. The same goes for Ruby Jones' Serena, Carol Brice's Maria and Gwendolyn Wyatt's Strawberry Woman who has a voice far too superb to be heard in such a small snatch of the evening. Ralph Wilcox's Sportin' Life is all strut and preen wedded to a splendid throat. All in all, this incomparable *Porgy and Bess* caused me to weep, to be thrilled to the very marrow of my bones and, ultimately, to be swept away by it.

Imagine my surprise when I discovered *The Charlatan* in the Mark Taper

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Forum to be none other than my old friend, Murray Matheson. Murray is a consummate actor. He can play anything—except this. Derek Walcott has written nothing of flesh and blood for him to play. Instead, he has sketched in a shadowy figure who comes to Belmont, Port-of-Spain, Trinidad to cast spells and profiteer in voodoo. He has a black daughter (never explained) and a former wife (since remarried) who returns to plague him. He is called upon to sing some scat songs and to assume some attitudes. Period. He makes a stab at what is expected but shines only when his ex, the elegant Ruth Ford, arrives late in the second act to confront him. Very aptly he says.

"Oh, I must get out of this role. Where was the magic? The joy? The cheer? I'm beginning to sound like I'm selling detergent."

The evergreen Miss Ford and her daughter are carbon copies of the Upshaws in *Auntie Mame*. Here they are called the Upshots and, what they have been given to say, would give no play an ounce of stature. Camp, yes. Values, no.

Dori Brenner: "I'm Heloise Upshot."
Paula Kelly: "I don't give a shit."

Miss Ford: "My gardener's name is in the social column. Who's going to cut the grass? It's hard to reach the top and find your cook there."

Upon the supposed death of Clarissa Upshot.

Dori: "Oh mummy! Mummy!"
Cleavon Little: "She's a mummy at last, girl."

You'll pardon me if I don't go into hysterics. The leading man (a painter played by James Woods), is described in the play by Paula Kelly in a manner I could not possibly improve upon.

"I was hoping you'd remain as dull as your work. You are an unusually boring, egotistical ass."

A few closing comments: The direction of Mel Shapiro is a disgrace. Galt MacDermot has written a lot of music. The best that can be said of it is that it has a Calypso beat. The effect of thunder breaking over the hills is nice.

Backstage, Murray told me an hour and a half had been cut from the show. Too bad they didn't cut another hour while they were making improvements.

Bus Stop, William Inge's paean to a cowboy's lust and a stripper's capitula-

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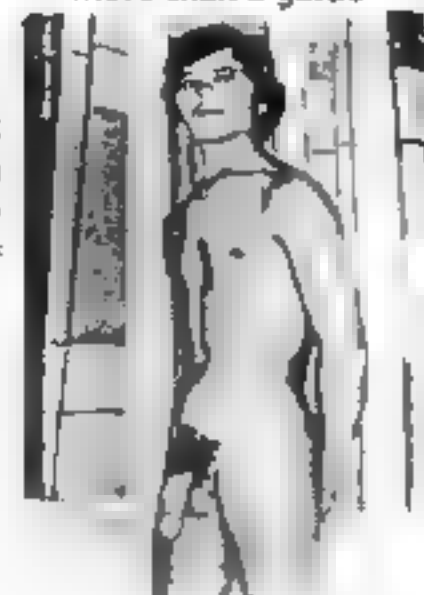
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tion, has been exhumed by the Off-Broadway in San Diego. It bears so indelibly the ghost of Marilyn Monroe's Cherie upon it that I doubt if any actress could escape this fact. Even so, Adrienne Barbeau, the daughter of the TV series, "Maude," does precious little to make her interesting to the audience. Whether she marries Bo or not never appears to be of prime import. When this occurs with a leading lady, her show is in trouble. Indeed, Miss Barbeau's rendition of "That Old Black Magic" was the only time I warmed up to her. On the other hand, John Calvin's cowboy is quite believable and you root for him to ultimately make out. Inasmuch as this is an old play, you know all along that he eventually will.

The setting, designed by Noble Dinse, is appropriately seedy and the 90-mile-an-hour winter wind outside Kansas City whistles chillingly every time that roadhouse cafe door opens. But the people who stamp in are a dreary lot with scant sparkle and, in some instances, no visible dramatic aptitude. They get no help from director Leslie Cutler, who paces things so delib-

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erately you could drive a bus through the cues. Nor has he come up with any fresh or novel ideas to alleviate the dated quality of the Fifties that hangs over the play like a pall. By today's standards, this Bus Stop is corny, draggy and terribly boring.

—ALLAN LEOPOLD

Tubstrip, a new comedy by A.J. Kronengold, officially opened in L.A. the first of June. Appropriately during that month of weddings, set aside for hairdressers and florists, Kronengold does a mother-in-law proud in his style of hilarious commentary about the reasons we go (or won't go) to the tubs. It's during the explanations of why we go and don't meet the right people for happy-ever-after that does all that comedy dirt. We've just laughed too much and too hard to put up with such thin drama between one-handed idols as Cal Culver and Jim Cassidy. Cal, as your usual "nice, but faithful" towel-boy, is saving himself for a pen pal. Cassidy suddenly appears as a non-jolly, green-beret giant who would like one good night at the tubs for old times' sake be-

fore he finishes his leave with his wife. He also turns out to be the pen pal. In short, this is the butchest character outline ever written. Maybe the drama could have come from a *tour-de-force* moment of Culver's towards the end—the deathly pauses were there, but nothing happened. Horror, brief but real, might have helped Tubstrip advance the world of theatre, but the stagey parodies of S&M junkets couldn't counter the reverb of laughter in the room. The "M" was adequately played by T.J. D'Agostino, and his ideal "S" lover—he's a psychiatrist—was well performed by lanky Gerald Grant. Their gap was bridged by a "dumb, but lovable" hustler, often touchingly realized by John Deaven.

The comedy rests well in the hands of Jake Everett (thin and attractive off-stage) as the obese Wally, and Walt Holiday as the African queen, Andy. Is Kronengold saying that our ideal lover is such that a sense of humor is required survival gear for fats and Blacks? The only pair I've left out includes Jade McCall as one of a pair of lovers out to check his desirability rating, who floats

in and out showing the best stage presence of the evening. His first-trip-to-the-baths, be-kind lover, nicely restrained by Tom Van Stutzel, gets divorced before us all which permits Culver to exit happy, like in real life a joy unto themselves only! Culver had just quit his job, but from the looks of the sheets and towels he was handing out, it was only a matter of time before the board of health caught up with him.

Kronengold writes like a "bottom-man," which according to Gener, is a very good vantage point—literally speaking. Tub(comic)strip has me interested in earlier and future works. His lines certainly had something old: "How rude!"; something new: "Linda Lovelace gets \$4 million, and I get arrested!"; something borrowed: "Hell hath no fury like a faggot scorned!"; and something blue "If you can't fuck your friends, who can you fuck?" So much for what the actors' mouths have to do, I must say that unfortunately the director, Doug Richards, is either tired (the show has played Washington, D.C., New York, and Boston), or, the stage at the Hollywood Center Theatre is too small (why

a legal-size pool table for a stretching rack?). The chase scene had my full concern for the actors, so the point of it soon escaped me. Because of the slope of house seating, voyeurs with money should hold out for the front row. At those prices (reread the "something blue" line) binoculars would be understandable.

—BILL MARSHALL

Good News, rather erroneously billed as a Thirties musical, and starring Alice Faye and John Payne on a national tour prior to Broadway, is about the best news the American musical comedy stage has offered the public in quite a while. Following a run in San Francisco it will play Chicago and St. Louis, then open at the Shubert Theatre in Los Angeles on September 3rd—in all of which engagements it should delight everybody from eight to eighty, win new fans for its stars and clean up at the box office.

Abe Burroughs has revised and rearranged this *Twenties* musical, updating it to the period of the 1930's. Just why he considered this necessary or im-

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portant remains a mystery. The 1974 production would have been just as enchanting staged in its original period. At any rate, the basic plot line of the Twenties' hit has been retained and the minor role of a male astronomy professor has been enlarged and changed to a female instructor and tailored to the talents of Alice Faye, while the role of the football coach (also a small part in the original version) has been built up into a lusty character for John Payne to portray.

Most of the familiar songs are still intact. "Good News" remains a rousing title number. "The Best Things in Life Are Free" and "Lucky in Love" and "Just Imagine" are the same charming ballads, and the "Varsity Drag" is a show-stopping dance number, just as it was in 1927. Several songs have been lifted from other musical shows and added to this production—"Button Up Your Overcoat," "You're the Cream in My Coffee" (sung and danced by the stars), "Together," and "I Want to be Bad" (numbers which permit Alice Faye to be alternately wistful and witchy)—and they all add much to the spirit of

the evening.

To younger theatregoers the story and dialogue of *Good News* must seem amusing in their quaintness, although no attempt has been made by director or cast to parody or satirize an era. What man or woman over forty, however, can fail to feel a twinge of nostalgia (and a thrill) when he sees Alice Faye and John Payne "together again" as they were in *Week-End in Havana*, *Hello, Frisco, Hello* and so many other Technicolor extravaganzas of the Forties?

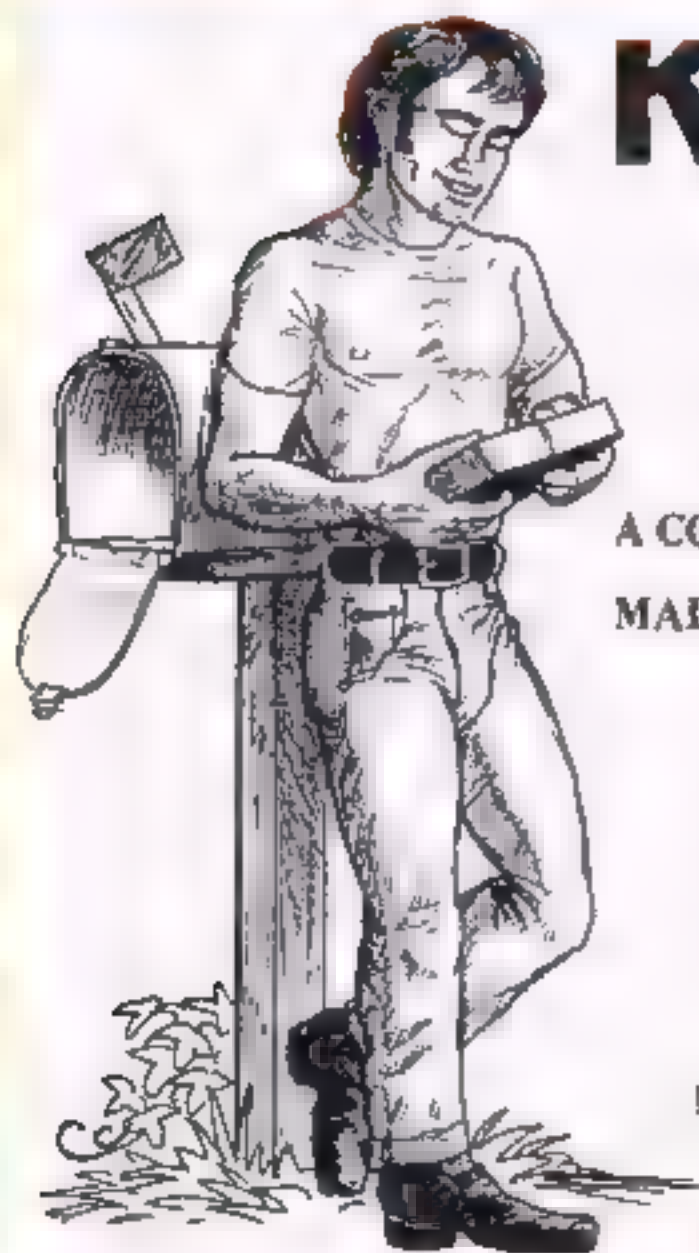
Neither of the stars is quite as dewy-eyed or unwrinkled as thirty years ago, of course. But they've aged gracefully. They're still attractive, with pleasing personalities, and they sing and dance together effortlessly and with charm. The real surprise in their performances is the way they sock over their lines and comic business with the old show-biz pizzazz. One would think they'd spent a lifetime in two-a-day vaudeville rather than a few years in the movies, where director and cameraman did most of the work for them. Faye and Payne have matured into solid performers who can gauge and hold an audience with the

best of them.

Stubby Kaye, the second banana comic well remembered as Nicely Nicely in *Guys and Dolls*, is around for laughs and one song, "Keep Your Sunny Side Up" (also added for this version) which he delivers with confidence and good humor. Marti Rolph is a winsome ingenue; Jana Robbins is very good as the campus vamp, and Wayne Bryan and Tommy Breslin are adept and likable as collegiate boobs. Barbara Lail, too, gives an amusing performance as a sorority girl out to get her man, even if she has to hogtie him. And Scott Stevenson as the football hero Tom Marlowe is—well, let's just say it's easy to understand why all the coeds are crazy about him. He's a hunk. And he can sing, too.

Good News is ebullient and irresistible. In addition to its stars and featured players it has a chorus of singers and dancers who are young, vibrant and nice to look at, and who obviously enjoy working with Alice Faye and John Payne in such a happy and tuneful production. After nearly fifty years, this *Twenties* musical is still a winner.

—DOUGLAS DEAN



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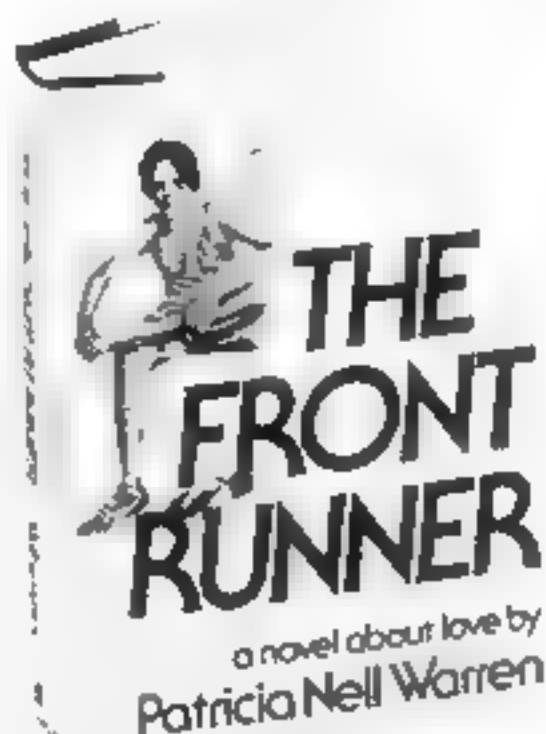
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dance



With the National Ballet of Canada, Rudolf Nureyev was seen in the title role in *Don Juan*.

had been earned, and at the end there were bravas as well as bravos.

Don Juan, a new ballet by John Neumeier, set to music by Gluck and Tomaso Luis de Victoria, with a text written by Max Frisch and spoken (on tape) by Ralph Richardson, offered Nureyev in the title role.

It is an ironic work, debunking the myth of Don Juan the Great Lover, and erecting in its place the figure of Don Juan, the narcissist and manipulator who loves no one, except perhaps himself. It's curious and disturbing, with a dramatic idea lurking somewhere in it that is potentially powerful, but it lacks the psychological precision which would make it really interesting. The solos and *pas de deux* scenes pursue a serious idea with some fidelity. But in the crowd scenes, the choreographer falls back on psychological generalities and stock 19th century spectacle. Don Juan at the banquet might be any balletic ladies' man, surrounded by beves of beauties he kisses indiscriminately. There is no attempt to find the real content and implications of these scenes, with the result that they emerge as conventional balletic byplay, not far removed from *Gaiete Parisienne*.

Mr. Nureyev works to give coherence and meaning to it, and often succeeds. But choreographer and stage director

seem all too often to have left him to do it on his own. He has captured the cold-blooded arrogance of the man, his narcissism, and his driven nature, but many of his most telling moments were acted, not danced. The Don's preoccupation with keeping his hair becomingly combed, even at moments of high romantic ardor; the ruthlessness with which he spurns Dona Ana after she has succumbed to his wiles; and the deliberate high-handedness with which he seduces the little dancer at the banquet, under the eyes of her partner lover, were all thoroughly right and clearly sketched. And he was at his most fascinating when, during the spoken narration, he was left alone on the stage, without benefit of choreography, simply to act: he strides in a circle, his hands clasped behind him, the embodiment of the restive restlessness of the compulsive seducer with no one at hand to seduce, eventually finding respite—where else but in his mirror? The character was all there: what was lacking was the choreographic and dramatic structure which would articulate it and make it comprehensible.

Choreographically, the work is an oddity: since this Don Juan is a manipulator of women, rather than a lover, the *pas de deux* form gets turned inside out. The *premier danseur* becomes not the gentle knight and gallant servitor of the noble lady, but instead handles her as an object, to be played with for his own amusement, or even lugged about, at his whim, like a sack of flour. (One irate balletomane was heard to exclaim, "That's not a *pas de deux*, that's an apache dance!")

Mary Jago, as the Lady in White, managed to be fascinating in herself. The plot synopsis in the program tells us she is the Angel of Death, but she suggested a good deal more than that. She seemed at first a somnambulistic virgin, whom the Don could not resist the urge to waken. Then she became the woman who could turn the Don's own game against himself, attracting and tormenting him as he has tormented the unfortunate Dona Ana. Only at the end did I realize it was death she represented. And perhaps not even real death: but rather the image of death in the mind of a man who fears love as death.

The most unfortunate member of the company seemed to be Daniel Capouch,

as the lover of the little dancer (Nadia Potts again) whom the Don seduces. Not only did the plot call for him to lose his lady, but by accident or design, Mr. Nureyev seemed to have a particularly effective bit of stage business every time Mr. Capouch had a solo turn, so his efforts were indeed in vain. Mr. Nureyev's business was always valid and in character, but a good stage director would have timed things so that we could watch both Mr. Capouch's variations—and the Don's attempts to steal his thunder. If I were Mr. Capouch, I fear I'd be sorely tempted to commit mayhem, either on Mr. Nureyev, or the director, or both.

Giselle was an almost unalloyed delight. The National Ballet's production makes it abundantly clear why it is the only ballet that has an unbroken tradition of performances for over one hundred years. But Veronica Tennant's performance, although an admirable one in most respects, does not yet make it clear why the role of Giselle is regarded as the ballerina's *Hamlet*. (But I must admit I am spoiled: the first *Giselle* I saw was the Bolshoi film, with Galina Ulanova in the title role. Ulanova was in her fifties, and looked it. And I would not swear that her dancing was all that technically proficient. But in that performance, she put all her art, and the result was an ideal image of girlhood, so rich and so lovely that it transcended physical appearance completely. She moved it into the realm of pure poetry, and no one I've seen since has ever been able to equal it.)

Giselle itself, like *La Sylphide*, or the opera *Der Freischütz*, or that granddaddy of American musical comedies, *The Black Crook*, belongs to the tradition of popular 19th century melodrama, with its spectacular supernatural effects, innocent maidens done in by evil men, and flamboyant histrionics. The plot, dealing with happy peasants, dallying noblemen, jealous lovers, and evil fairies, is pure fustian. But in *Giselle*, somehow the magic still works. Despite the absurdity of the story, and the patent falseness of many of the conventions, it is possible to really believe the fairytale romance between the simple peasant girl and the callow nobleman, Albrecht (danced here by Mr. Nureyev), and the jealous rage of the rejected peasant suitor, Hilarion (Ha-



The corps de ballet in Act II of the National Ballet of Canada's production of *Giselle* with costumes and scenery by Desmond Heeley

zaro Surmeyer). And even to grieve when Giselle dies of a broken heart upon learning of her lover's faithlessness. When the curtain fell on Act One, I was astounded to feel the sting of tears in my eyes.

The second act is something else again, and something a good deal harder to bring off. We've left the world of the pastorate behind, and are in the murky world of all-out romantic ballet. Giselle is dead. Both Hilarion and Albrecht

come to mourn her. But Giselle has become a Will—one of a band of restless spirits, the ghosts of girls who have died after being jilted by their lovers. Under the leadership of their ruthless queen, they wreak their revenge on both Hilarion and Albrecht, who is sentenced by the queen to dance himself to death.

It's nonsense, of course, but it's amazing how well it does work dramatically. The production provides us with swirls of real mist to envelop the ad-

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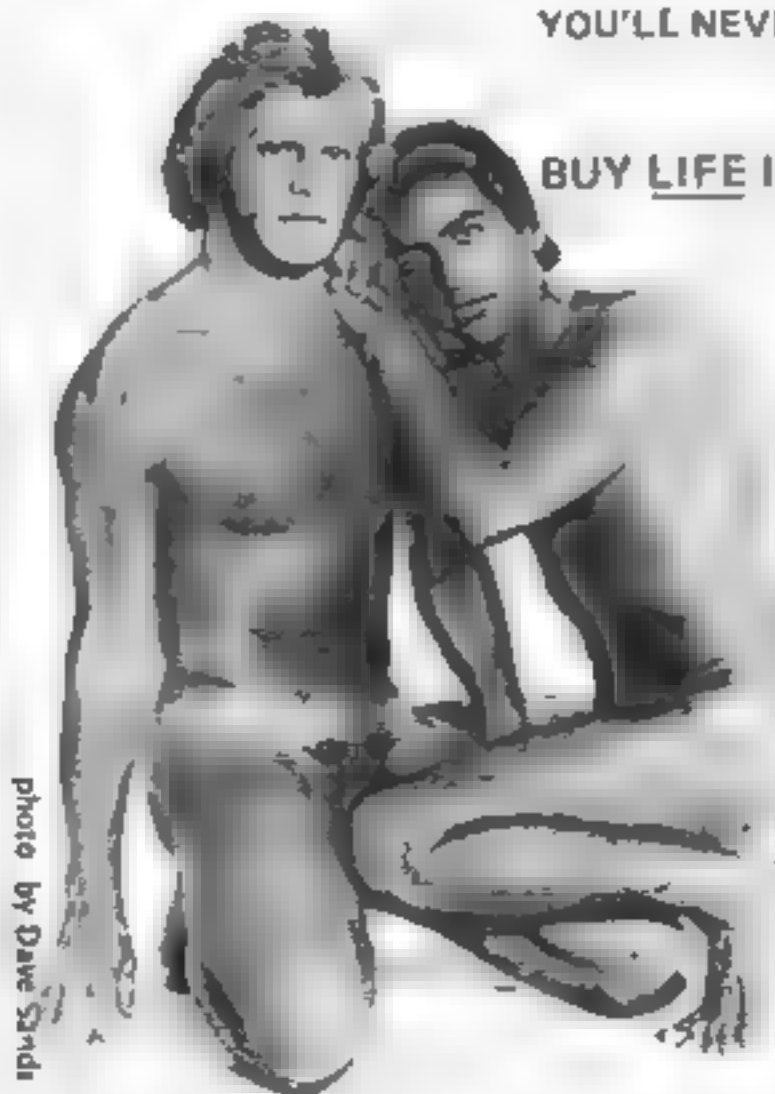


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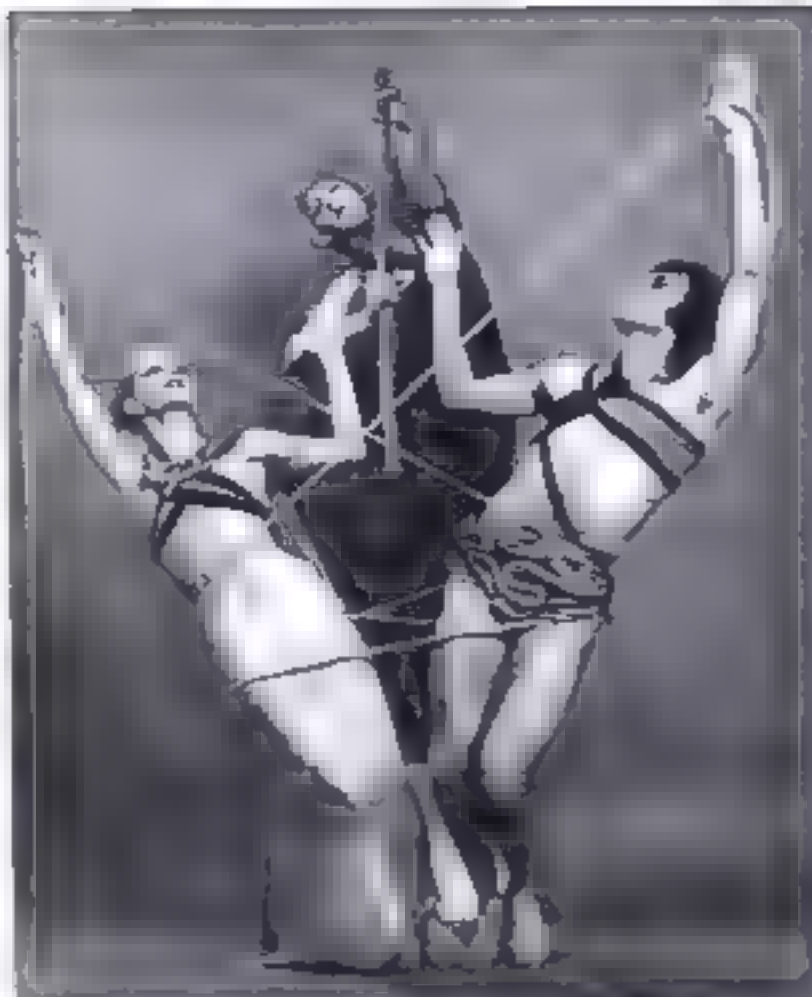
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vancing hordes of Wilis. We are treated (briefly) to an airborne Giselle. And ridiculous as it is to think of a stageful of ballerinas in fluffy tutus as a menace, when the Wilis turn their wrath on Hilarion and advance on him with delicate precision—but in solid phalanx—they are terrifying. We can buy his headlong leap from a cliff to escape them. (Mr. Surmevan plays his melodrama with glorious abandon!) And what more could Mr. Nureyev ask for than a role which calls for him to dance himself—spectacularly, of course—to the point of death?

Vanessa Harwood provided the necessary fire-and-ice imperiousness as the Queen of the Wilis, and Miss Tennant and Mr. Nureyev supplied the requisite pyrotechnics. But the second act, by being treated as pure dance, with less regard for dramatic values, did not have the full-blooded excitement of the first. I longed for a stage director who would direct it as a dramatic scene rather than as a series of famous choreographic set-pieces. For instance: the program notes tell us Albrecht clings to the cross on Giselle's grave for protection against the Wilis. Mr. Nureyev stood decorously



In Graham's *Night Journey*, the ties of love and desire which bind Jocasta to Oedipus become the rope with which she hangs herself once the truth of his identity is revealed. Diane Gray, William Carter and Rost Partos. (Photo by Martha Swope.)

beside it. (This may not have been his fault. The designer had provided him with a spindly little cross that didn't look as if it would survive much clinging.) If you're going to do melodrama,

Nureyev can do it. His final exit in Act One is a grand *coup de theatre*. His cloak alone is so flamboyantly spectacular it would simply annihilate a performer of lesser stature.

But when it was done, I was left musing on Mr. Nureyev's announced interest in working with Martha Graham, or other of the modern companies. And hoping that such an opportunity will arise for him. For lovely as the romantic/classical ballet can be, even the masterpieces (*Swan Lake*, *Giselle*, *Sleeping Beauty*), whatever meaning they may have had when they were created, are now essentially no richer intellectually than the children's stories they were based on. And my memories of Mr. Nureyev in Roland Petit's *Paradise Lost*, in which he was called upon to be a modern man, in all his torment and complexity, make me long to see him once again really challenged, really engaged, dealing with the all-too-real problems of the heart and head that plague mankind in general, rather than the bogus problems and ethereal death-dealing ladies that plague the noble heroes of the traditional ballet.



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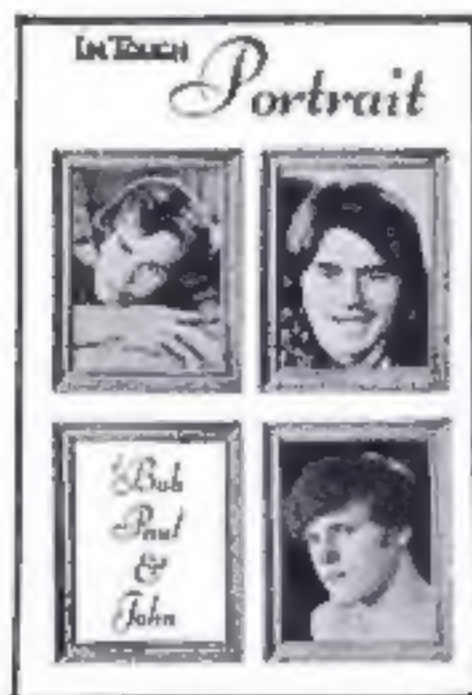
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